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# STATESMAN AND NATION

## The Week-end Review

MAY 24 1957

Vol. LIII. No. 1365 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1957 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

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# The Mutineers Take Over

THE mutineers who are taking over the old western empires are not, as Sardar Panikkar shows in a remarkable article in this issue, the same type of rebels who fought against the British in India just a century ago. Their leaders are educated—politicians, students, teachers and writers. They are not trying to restore a traditional way of life. (Mau Mau was the exception which therefore failed.) On the contary they want to bring to their own countries the advantages of a technical knowledge which can no longer be the monopoly of the western powers. In this generation, if political pressure fails, the mutineers do not adopt the open warfare of the sepoys. Once a colony has developed a national consciousness, it is ready for guerilla tactics, which, at least in large areas, as the French are learning in North Africa, cannot be successfully countered by armies. Moreover, the severity which the British were able to practise successfully a hundred years ago in quelling the sepoys is today likely to succeed only in driving the more moderate leaders, who might otherwise temper the rebellion of the mutineers, into the arms of the extremists. Again, North Africa is the most obvious example. In 1957, the colonial power must either clear out or accept the substance of the mutineers' demand for independence.

Because Britain realised this in the Far East we have kept the friendship of Asian countries. The process cannot be halted. An empire is like a bank; it lives on credit. It cannot maintain itself against a simultaneous withdrawal of accounts. If there is a run on the bank it must make such terms as it can with its clients. So Mr. Lennox-Boyd, having successfully met demands in Ghana and Malaya, now confronts the complex international situation in Cyprus and the difficult internal problem of Nigeria. He knows that after Dr. Azikwe, who has just arrived in this country, a whole queue of further clients waits on his doorstep.

With this record and prospect in mind, the government spokesman in the Commons on Monday waxed eloquent about the contrast between the progressive freedom which is being dispensed in the Commonwealth and the U.S.S.R.'s display of brute force in Hungary. Unfortunately this claim will not carry much weight in colonial (or ex-colonial) territories. They have learned to hate colonialism, but not yet to fear Communism. They do not see the Soviet form of imperialism as another brand of the colonialism they fight against. They are not primarily interested in individual freedom, but in ridding themselves of colonial rule and building for themselves a standard of life comparable with that of the industrial nations.

There are other reasons why we are unconvincing when we boast of Commonwealth freedom. The Suez fiasco seemed to the colonial mutineers proof that the British lion is today vicious as well as enfeebled. Again, Russia's faults do not include the colour bar. Peoples under Soviet rule may be economically exploited and bureaucratically bullied, but no one suggests that they are treated as inferiors because of their colour. Thus every example of racial prejudice in Kenya, Rhodesia, or above all in South Africa, gives the lie to the British case and serves the turn of Soviet propaganda.

With all our talk of the elasticity of the Commonwealth, we seem unaware of the fatal effects of South African participation in it. Last week South Africa became a completely Fascist state. A minister of the government now has the power to interfere even in the personal relations of whites and Africans. *Apartheid* is to apply to the universities, and every society in which the races work together, for charitable as well as political purposes, is to be broken up. That this applies to the Christian churches is indeed the final irony. It may be said that the South African government has now gone beyond Hitler. Based on racialism and violent repression, it outdoes the Nuremberg laws by denying civil rights, not to the minority, but to the great majority of the population.

If the British government hopes to prevent the spread of Communism and hold together the Commonwealth, it is here that it should direct its thoughts. The Commonwealth must, if it is to survive, be to an overwhelming degree composed of yesterday's mutineers. It cannot be composed of former slaves and present slave-holders.

# Comments on the Week's News

## Krushchev Rides the Storm

The principal subject for discussion at this week's meeting in Moscow of the Supreme Soviet is the economic decentralisation plan which has been personally associated with Mr. Krushchev. When Krushchev first propounded his theses (as the provisional plan is described in Communist jargon), he did so in the name of both the Soviet government and the Central Committee of the party. Since then there has been a storm of criticism in the Soviet press, and it is notable that none of the other top leaders have so far made any attempt to share the personal responsibility. Moreover, the recent transfer of Mr. Pervukhin from the State Economic Commission to the Ministry of Medium Engineering (one of the all-Union ministries which had been expected to disappear when the Krushchev theses became facts) had suggested to some observers that the plan had run into very serious difficulties, might even be rejected by the Supreme Soviet. That extravagant forecast at least has been disproved by this week's news. In fact it is probably rash, in advance of seeing the full proceedings of the Supreme Soviet, to hazard political guesses. The probability is that the theses were designed to achieve simultaneously a number of different objectives—to reduce, for instance, the uncommonly tempting military target of the concentrated bureaucracy in Moscow; to cut out the wastage, delays and inter-departmental squabbles of the existing vertical system of planning; perhaps to re-establish party—and even trade union—authority in the regions, at the expense of the rigid technocratic control now exercised by the various all-Union economic ministries—of which more than 20 are to disappear. There are hints even in the theses themselves that "some comrades"—Malenkov, perhaps, and the younger technocratic party officials in Moscow?—have always been apprehensive about the consequences to national planning of such a high degree of decentralisation. This view was defeated in the Praesidium and the Central Committee when the theses were originally promulgated, and it is clear that the basic principles of the plan are firmly endorsed by a majority in the leadership and, now, in the Supreme Soviet. Apart from the self-interested complaints of the all-Union technocrats, the criticism has been largely managerial, regional and directed towards the problems of administrative practicability. To these practical criticisms from the men on the spot (whose support he cannot afford to lose) Krushchev has already made concessions. How many will not be clear until his full speech is available.

## From Bonn to Eternity

The Soviet government has understandably refused to accept Dr. Adenauer's assurances that Germany is not "at present" contemplating acquiring nuclear weapons. The West German government has certainly shown signs of alarm at the popular and scientific reaction to Adenauer's original claim that Germany has the right to possess such weapons, and for the moment will promise anything rather than jeopardise its chances in the September elections. But the logic of Nato defence policy—confirmed by last week's meeting of the Atlantic Council—will lead to an ever-increasing reliance on atomic weapons and eventually to their issue to German units. Britain is already counting her nuclear potential as an element in her contribution, and other members would clearly like to do the same; there seems no logical reason to doubt that the privilege will in the end be extended to Germany. There are, of course, political reasons, embodied in the W.E.U. agreement, but Britain has already broken that in spirit, if not in letter; and the growing, though erroneous, tendency to regard tactical atomic weapons as "conventional" may provide the excuse for the ban to be lifted. Indeed, Mr. Macmillan and Dr. Adenauer, as fellow conspirators in thwarting the purposes of the agreement, had much in common at their secret defence talks in Bonn this week. Macmillan doubtless met Adenauer's complaint that Britain's new defence policy will increase Germany's vulnerability by replying that defence potential is no longer measured in men but in fire-power, and that Germany will be able to close the gap herself when American atomic weapons become available to Nato members next year. Such unwritten bargains, of course, decrease the chance of an early disarmament agreement, and the latest British proposals, which tend, if anything, to increase the sub-committee's difficulties, should come as no surprise. They enable Britain, as it were, to mark time in a reasonably courteous manner until the Christmas Island tests are over and an agenda prepared for the Moscow visit; but they do not suggest that the government is in any way conscious of the moral responsibility to find an agreement which it assumed when it decided to make Britain an exclusively nuclear power.

## Crisis in Italy

The sudden collapse of the Segni government is a mysterious affair. Since last autumn, when the attempt to reunify Italy's two Socialist parties was revived, Sr. Saragat has been under great pressure, both from the Nenni Socialists and from the left wing of his own party, to resign from the government; indeed, resignation has been generally accepted as a pre-condition of reunification. But until last week he had been adamant in his refusal, and he appeared to have the support of a majority of his executive, if not of his rank-and-file militants. What caused him to change his mind? Recently he has had talks with Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Bevan, and it is likely that both urged him to resume negotiations with Nenni; indeed, they may even have warned him that if he continued to reject reunification at any price, the Labour Party would be forced to reconsider its attitude to the Social Democrats and pledge full support to Nenni. Such arguments clearly influenced Saragat, but it is by no means certain that they were decisive in determining his sudden decision. For some months, there have been violent oscillations between the left and right wings in the Segni Cabinet, accompanied by bitter internal disputes, notably on the question of agrarian reform. Saragat may have felt that the shift to the right in the balance of power within the coalition had made his position intolerable, and that if the government were overthrown, a new coalition could be constructed in which the Left would exercise more power. But this seems an unlikely outcome of the crisis. Saragat's decision, taken after only perfunctory consultation, has been badly received in his own party, and the Social Democrats may find it impossible to re-enter office until their internal quarrels have been resolved. In that case, a minority Demochristian government may be the only solution. Moreover, with the Social Democrats outside the government, the principal obstacle to reunification automatically disappears, and Saragat may find himself driven into a merger by the inexorable logic of common opposition.

## Report on Euratom

The report of the committee set up by the six countries of the Coal-Steel Pool to draw up an atomic power programme for western Europe is a remarkable document, which contains a great deal of new material on the economics of nuclear power. The problem faced by its authors is how to stabilise Europe's rapidly increasing fuel imports (mainly of Middle East oil) at the earliest possible date. At present the six countries import 23 per cent. of their total energy requirements, and this will rise to 33 per cent. by 1967 unless checked by the development of atomic power. Existing plans, prepared separately by the six, envisage the installation of only 6 million Kws capacity in this period. The report estimates that this target will have to be multiplied two-and-a-half times to produce an annual 15 million Kws by 1967; if this programme is carried out, fuel imports can be stabilised by 1963. Capital outlay will be high ($4,000 million, including initial fuel inventories), but running costs, owing to the importation of cheap enriched uranium from America, will not be appreciably greater than conventional plants using imported fuel, and will tend to diminish. The need for speed, however (orders will have to be placed before the end of 1958), will mean that in the initial stages reactors will have to be imported from Britain and America. The financing of the programme, and the form to be taken by the new organisation, are beyond the report's terms of reference; these will have to be decided at government level. Euratom, in short, does not yet exist; but its shape will correspond closely to that of the British atomic energy programme.

## The Tungku's Mission

The Chief Minister of Malaya, Tungku Abdul Rahman, is here for talks with the British government about putting finishing touches on the constitution for an independent Malaya. The Tungku's all-races Alliance government has endorsed the Reid constitutional report except over four issues, three of which should raise no difficulty: an Islamic State—though by no means a theocratic one—is demanded; retention of right of appeal to the Privy Council is not desired; some additional anchoring of Malay privileges will be sought. The one issue on which the British government may differ seriously from the Tungku and his party is over the retention of British or Commonwealth citizenship for Malayans who possess it. These latter consist chiefly of the inhabitants of Penang and Malacca, and of Indians living in the Malay States. The Alliance Party—especially the Malays—are understandably opposed to dual citizenship which could, they feel, foster dual loyalty on a considerable scale. The British government will be wise to concede the point which is probably the lowest common denominator of agreement among the Tungku's own Malay followers. Considerable strains are already evident in the Malay sector of the Alliance Party because of the Tungku's assent to easier citizenship for the Chinese as proposed in the Reid report. These strains are intensified by three extreme nationalist Malay parties outside

the Alliance. On the other flank of the Alliance, all-or-nothing Chinese groups—mainly Kuomintang-led—are demanding immediate and full political equality with the Malays.

### Mr. Thorneycroft's Two Controls

Speaking to the National Production Advisory Council for Industry last week-end, Mr. Thorneycroft hinted that the end of the credit squeeze might be in sight: the government had restricted production over the past year or so, but now "the position is different," and "renewed growth in production" can be contemplated. It is difficult to see where the Chancellor bases his optimism. True, there has been some increase in exports, but not enough; and Britain is gradually losing its share of an expanding world market. Moreover, the budget, with its windfall for surtax payers, was an obvious invitation to increased personal consumption at home. At the same time, there has been a substantial increase in industrial capacity—with, axiomatically, a correspondingly big increase in raw material imports when the government removes its restriction from production. The Tory economic engine, in fact, appears to have only two controls—"forward" into a spending spree and a balance of payments crisis, or "backwards" into restricted production, which includes (as Midland engineering firms have discovered) industrial dislocation and considerable patches of under-employment. No wonder the trade unions are contemptuous of wage restraint and sceptical about appeals for higher productivity: the conditions in which they accepted these propositions under the Labour government no longer exist. Meanwhile, with an eye on the Gallup Poll, Mr. Thorneycroft has decided to gamble on his "forward" control. At best, good times may hold out long enough to carry the government through the 1959 election. If they do not—well, the Tory strategists will shed few tears if a Labour government has to incur the odium of once again inheriting an economic mess which calls for the acceptance of physical controls and austerity.

### Bank Clerks at Westminster

On Monday the National Union of Bank Employees organised an impressive lobby of 2,500 of its members to enlist support for its demand for the establishment of national negotiating machinery and full recognition of the union. For nearly 40 years since its origin as the Bank Officers' Guild, N.U.B.E. has been fighting a persistent struggle for recognition. It has been held up by the determination of a few of the big banks to maintain a system of "company unions," with which alone they have been prepared to negotiate. To follow up its mass lobbying the union arranged through two sympathetic M.P.s—Mr. Robens and Mr. Leather—a private meeting in the House which offered the leading officials an opportunity of presenting their case. The union, which has now a membership of nearly 50,000, wants conditions of employment to be regulated by a single negotiating body independent of the banks; whereas the rival, and much smaller, Central Council of Bank Staffs' Association rejects trade unionism and adheres to the method of separate staff associations, maintained with the employers' support. N.U.B.E. regards these associations as incapable of taking an independent line either about salaries or about the restrictive conditions which many banks still impose on the private lives of their employees. We wish it all success. It took courage and persistence to achieve its present strength in face of long resistance from many of the banks which now grant it recognition.

# News from Our Own Correspondents

## Washington

### Who Likes Ike?

While nobody has ever been quite sure what Modern Republicanism means, the not so modern Republicans at least know now why they don't like it: it is expensive. Since more than three-quarters of the President's $72,000 million budget, a record for peacetime, is earmarked for such sacred items as defence, veterans' benefits, and interest on the national debt, it is a little hard to see what these disaffected statesmen could have been expecting in the way of fiscal delights, but their reaction appears to be one of virtue frustrated. So far, indeed, has the rebellion proceeded that the posture of many Republicans can now be distinguished from that of the President's loyal opposition only because it is somewhat more opposed and considerably less loyal.

The moral outrage of the Republican Old Guard, and many of the party's centrists as well, has been understandably slow to find expression. After all, this is the third straight increase in the present Administration's budgets, but—and this is the nub of the matter—it is the first since Mr. Eisenhower became a two-term President, ineligible under the new constitutional amendment to succeed himself. In the moment of his triumph last November he became a "lame duck," and his current troubles on Capitol Hill are proof that many a Republican who was thought to "like Ike" merely liked his coat-tails.

Even so, an open break with a combination of party leader, father image and national hero is not to be undertaken lightly or without visible evidence of support. The President's own Secretary of the Treasury, George Humphrey, gave what seemed to be the signal for the uprising nearly four months ago in his homey little prophecy that if taxes weren't cut pretty soon "you will have a depression that will curl your hair." But at first only a few professional budget-cutters seemed to respond. Representative Reed of New York thought the expenditures "needlessly high." Representative Taber of New York saw "some spots" that could stand trimming, and Senator Bridges of New Hampshire promised "every effort to pare down in every place possible."

Since these first mild reactions, opposition within the party has swelled to the mutiny that now threatens not only the budget but the Administration's entire programme, possibly the political future of Richard Nixon, the President's heir apparent, and Modern Republicanism itself, whatever it is. Republican Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona, predicting that the very phrase will be obsolete in six months, charges the Administration with "betrayal of the people's trust" and with "subverting" the economy. Far from trying to restrain him, William F. Knowland, his party's leader in the Senate, suggests that a continuation of the Eisenhower fiscal policies will "ultimately destroy our free enterprise system," and he is seriously believed to see himself as the champion of that system at the next Republican Convention, contending against the newly acquired "modernism" of Mr. Nixon.

Such insurgency within the Grand Old Party would no doubt have the Democrats in a state of high glee if they were in a position to enjoy it, but they are not. They can laugh at the discomfiture of a President who once promised to "slice the fat out of the federal budget"; but social services and the foreign aid programmes, where the Old Guard wants to do the slicing, are not generally their idea of "fat." Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson of Texas hollowly calls for reductions on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and denounces "meat-axe" cuts on Tuesdays and Thursdays; but on the whole the Democrats are pretty well obliged to defend the President, in a half-hearted way, against his own Congressional leaders—an inhibiting circumstance for an opposition party.

Adding greatly to the Democrats' discomfort is the uncommonly shrewd way in which Republicans have been taking advantage of the confusion. They have developed a maddening technique of fighting their own President in Congress while directing taxpayers' resentment, which seems to be mounting, against the Democrats, who narrowly control that body. In Oregon, for example, advertisements have appeared in the leading papers denouncing the federal "spending spree," quoting the President's disingenuous request to Congress to cut the budget where it could, and urging the public to call on their Senators and Representatives to oblige. The legislators for the area are all Democrats, and if they do oblige, they will be charged at the next elections with having knifed the President's programme. If they don't, they will be held responsible for what Eisenhower himself used to call "crazy spending." With all due reverence for the Founding Fathers, there is clearly much to be said for the sweet simplicity of a parliamentary system.

ROBERT BENDINER

*NEXT WEEK*

**The State of Soviet Music**
by ALEXANDER WERTH

**Montagu Norman**
by The Rt. Hon. HUGH DALTON, M.P.

## Paris

### The Fallen Idol

*Our Paris Correspondent writes:* The Extraordinary Congress of the Radical Party, which was held in the Salle Wagram last Friday and Saturday, was, as expected, a noisy and passionate affair, marked by shouting, plain speaking and youthful enthusiasm. But for all that, it was a bitter disappointment to the *jeunes Turcs*, more particularly since Mendès-France showed, during the opening stages, a savage, fighting spirit which even his greatest admirers were beginning to think he had lost for ever. He delivered an attack on the policy of the Mollet government in terms which led everyone to suppose that a break between his party and the Socialists was now complete and irrevocable. He was bitterly critical of Bourgès-Maunoury, the Defence Minister and a fellow radical, who has become adept, in recent months, at dragging before military courts anyone who protests at the way in which Algeria is being "pacified." On hearing his speech, all his young supporters—and particularly those who joined the party simply because he was its leader—felt reassured. At last, they felt, after many months of silence and half-

hearted opposition, Mendès-France seemed to have placed himself firmly at the head of the opposition to the Mollet government.

They were swiftly disillusioned. Just before the congress ended, Mendès-France, Daladier and the Radical ministers went into a huddle and produced one of those *motions de synthèse*—vague to the point of meaninglessness, and open to whatever interpretation anyone cares to put on it—which used to mark the end of Radical congresses in the good old days of the Third Republic. It demanded a new policy in Algeria and changes in the government's financial and economic policy, but at the same time it recommended that the Radical ministers remain in the government in order to bring them about. In other words, having denounced the errors of Bourgès-Maunoury and his colleagues, the congress expressed its confidence that they were the best men to rectify them. To complete the hypocrisy, both Mendès-France and Bourgès-Maunoury voted for this curious text.

No doubt Mendès-France had perfectly good reasons for adopting this strategy. He wanted to avoid a new split in the party, believing that the Radical ministers would prefer to resign from the party rather than the government. There are already three Radical parties: the party rump, controlled by himself, the right wing of M. Edgar Faure, and the Queuille-Morice splinter-group; if Bourgès-Maunoury and his friends were to form a fourth, the case of those who claim that Mendès-France has not so much reformed the party as destroyed it would have been greatly strengthened. In addition, Mendès-France does not want the responsibility of provoking another Cabinet crisis, particularly since he believes that the right will shortly overthrow Mollet in any case by refusing to vote Ramadier's new taxes; if this happens, he argues, it will be possible to devise a new left-wing coalition. This is a sensible point of view. But holding it as he did, Mendès-France had no right to set the tone of the congress by launching an outright attack on the government. It is wrong, in one and the same day, to say: "The men who have managed our affairs for the past 15 months are no longer qualified to carry out the new policy for which we ask," and, a few hours later, to support a motion which reads: "The Congress requires the Radical ministers to secure a modification of the policy in Algeria, which will seek Franco-Arab reconciliation by just and conciliatory measures."

# Luxembourg

## The Middle-aged Young Men

*Paul Johnson writes:* Despite its four night-clubs, Luxembourg is a plain, dull, earnest, hard-working town, and as such an admirable setting for the European Coal and Steel Community. The face of Little Europe is the face of the middle-aged young men who constitute its permanent staff: a serious, intelligent face, whose contours have been shaped in the great technical schools of western Europe, a face decorated with thick, horn-rimmed spectacles, topped by thin, receding hair, and with a tendency to run to fat around the chin. The sweat of Carolingian enthusiasm is liable to break out on it after a few glasses of the local Moselle, but for the most part it is content with an unvarying diet of graphs, statistics and little maps dotted with pictures of coal-trucks and ingots. Yet it is, increasingly, a confident face (I almost wrote complacent). The Community is now in its sixth year, and it is very much a going concern. The doldrums of the post-Korea "recession," which overshadowed its opening years, have receded into the past; the catastrophe of EDC has been forgotten (though not forgiven). Western Europe is enjoying the greatest boom in its history, and the bureaucrats of the High Authority are basking in its reflected glory.

How much credit for Europe's current prosperity should go to the Community is difficult to determine. The Authority enjoys wide powers in the field of production and marketing, and here certainly its creation has produced results. The abolition of all customs duties, tariffs and import quotas, the banning of dual-price systems and the enforced publicity of price-lists have led to a steady expansion of international trade within the six countries. Ruhr coke now flows into the Netherlands, Belgian coal into France, Lorraine steel into southern Germany. The introduction of through transport rates have lowered costs on the great Gelsenkirchen-Homécourt run by 29 per cent.; the cost of transporting French iron ore to Belgium has dropped by more than a quarter. Substantial progress has been made in shutting down unprofitable and dangerous mines in Belgium and in modernising and expanding Italy's shaky steel industry. Fluctuations in prices have been smoothed out, and there has been a tendency to level-up wages and social benefits. Much of this would have come about had the Community never existed, but the Community can justly claim to have had a beneficial, though marginal, influence.

The trouble with the Community is that it doesn't go far enough. It has no power to enforce an investment policy, or even to create a central investment fund. It can raise loans on the international money markets (it has just got $100 million from Wall Street), and it can give advice to, and in some cases exert pressure on, individual companies in planning their investment programmes. But it cannot set targets or chart directions. In the social field its powers are even more limited. It has no wages policy, other than optimism. It can issue pious exhortations to Belgian mine-owners to improve safety precautions; it cannot, as events have shown, avert disasters, because it has no powers of enforcement. It provides funds for the re-settlement and re-training of displaced workers (though without much success), and it even builds houses (for sale—with a minimum £800 deposit); but it cannot intervene in wage-negotiations, even as an arbitrator, it cannot send inspectors down the mines, and it cannot, as I saw for myself, ensure that blast-furnace workers have adequate protective clothing. On the subject of profits and dividends it maintains a discreet silence. Its relations with the big combines, in short, are rather like those between Aramco and King Saud: friendly co-operation for mutual benefit.

Indeed, talking to the middle-aged young men of Little Europe, one wonders whether their eyes are quite so firmly fixed on the future as their affection for statistics would suggest. Behind their rosy rationalism lies an emotional, nostalgic longing for the past: a 19th-century past in which West Europe straddled the world like a colossus and Africa was a walled garden for quick, easy profits. I was not surprised, therefore, to find that Sir Anthony Eden and M. Mollet are much-respected figures in the Grand Duchy, and that there was marked, though restrained, enthusiasm for their little Suez adventure. Nor was I surprised to find that in the Community's catalogue of dirty words, Mendès-France and Bevan rank pretty high—almost as high, in fact, as the worst of all: *dirigisme*. It did, however, seem a bit much to discover, in the dossier of literature presented to me by the High Authority, a pamphlet published by the Conservative Political Centre.

*". . . chess is a game where the keen player does not mind how long it lasts . . ."* Mr. Macmillan, May 7

# Westminster

## Ministers' Playtime

*"That is another question. . . . That does not arise on the question I was asked. . . . The information asked for is confidential. . . . I do not know. . . . We must await the outcome of the committee's deliberations. . . . My Right Honourable Friend will be making a statement shortly. . . . That is a different question. . . . I do not know."*

Mr Ian Harvey, in private life, is a brisk advertising and publicity executive. He used his considerable talents effectively on behalf of commercial television. His line was that the more channels there were for disseminating information and entertainment, the better. The extent to which he follows this line in his public life, now that as Joint Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs he is himself a channel for disseminating information if not entertainment, can be seen from the samples quoted above of his answers at question time this week. His evasiveness about the prospects of reducing the embargo on trade with China was so persistent that Mr. Shinwell asked whether it really was a fact that he knew nothing whatever about it. Was he always kept in the dark? Or was it, as Mr. Morrison suggested, that Harvey was imitating Mr. Butler in refusing to give information to the House? Did he just regard question time as fictional?

For much of the time it did, in fact, look as if Harvey was treating questions as a joke. He denied information with almost schoolboyish glee. Each time he declared that that "was another question," he turned, eyes glinting through his spectacles, to Butler at his side and sniggered self-approval. There was wide satisfaction when Harvey, growing increasingly pert, dropped a considerable clanger. He had been asked whether the United States had consulted Britain before moving the Sixth Fleet; and Mr. Emrys Hughes slyly wondered whether Britain had told America that such a display of armed force might lead to the cutting of the pipe lines. The House, thinking of Suez, laughed and was prepared to pass on; but Harvey, bubbling with confidence, saw a chance to smack down Hughes. "There is no necessity," he said, "for Her Majesty's Government to tender such obvious information to anybody."

When the sounds of derision had died, Mr. Bevan could be heard asking in his most dulcet tones: "Since when has it been obvious to Her Majesty's Government that a display of armed force might result in the cutting of an oil pipeline?" Harvey now saw the danger and fell back on his stock "That is another question"; and Bevan, disdaining to waste further ammunition on so inconsiderable a target, contented himself with asking if this "other question" were confidential.

The inept performance of one bouncy Under-Secretary is certainly not worth the serious attention of Labour leaders. But unhappily Harvey's performance is not unique. He is one of a quartette which is perhaps the worst team which has ever represented the Foreign Office in the House of Commons. Competition for the title of worst Foreign Secretary is fairly keen. Not everyone would give it to Mr. Selwyn Lloyd. Many claim that this humourless cypher has no right to any position lower than second worst. However, his supporters can be left to fight it out with those who support the claims of Mr. Herbert Morrison. What is not in dispute at all is that the team which Selwyn Lloyd, for want of a better word, leads has consistently performed worse than any other in living memory.

Is it just a matter of personal inadequacy? Despite the impressive inadequacy of Lloyd himself, I do not think so. Commander Noble, at worst, is pleasantly competent; and both Mr. Ormsby-Gore and Harvey have real ability. Yet they flounder. The trouble is that no team, however competent, can work efficiently until the government they serve has some consistent policy; and in foreign affairs the whole government is hanging around the club house waiting for President Eisenhower to finish his round. It wants to end restrictions on trade with China, but dare not without American permission. It does not know what it wants to do about Suez and only hopes that Mr. Foster Dulles can think of something. It only knows that it is going ahead with bomb tests—but would like to keep off that subject if only the House would let it. So Foreign Office ministers stall, evade and dissemble.

But there is even more to it than that. At times the Prime Minister is swept by gusts of passionate, eye-filling emotion; and then he sees the Despatch Box as a barricade, a last ditch to be defended with flashing sabre. But generally the House is no more to him than a ring in which he enjoys light exercise in fencing, a quick thrust here, a delicate parry there. It is too much to say that he despises the House of Commons. He thoroughly enjoys it. But he does not believe in taking enjoyment seriously. "Let's have a workout in the House," one seems to hear, "and then go on to Whites." The attitude spreads down from the top until it reaches Ian Harvey and Edith Pitt and even Nigel Birch. Let 'em ask their questions. It's all the more fun when you don't know the answers.

*"That's another question. . . . I must have notice of that. . . . My Right Honourable Friend will be dealing with that any day now. . . .*

*All right, sir? Very good, my boy! They hadn't a clue what you were talking about. Thank you, sir. Then I'll be off to the club. Do, my boy!"*

So questions are reduced to ministers' playtime.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

# The Engineers and the Courts

THE decision of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, taken in the face of Communist opposition, to accept the strings attached to the Court of Inquiry's 11s. wage proposal—even while trying to loosen them—is closely bound up with the earlier decision of the union's National Committee to launch a campaign to implement the long-standing objective of a 40-hour week and to secure a third week of paid holiday. The employers have naturally hinted that the demand at this stage for a 40-hour week is, in effect, a demand for a further pay increase through bigger overtime earnings. Doubtless, given a 40-hour week, the actual hours worked would average well above 40—just as at present they average a good deal more than the basic 44. But, at any rate among the union leaders, there is a genuine desire to reduce the excessive hours now worked by a substantial minority of those employed, as well as to anchor the basic wage to the shortest possible basic week. Thus the acceptance of the Court of Inquiry's recommendation for an interval of wage stabilisation does not commit the unions to an equivalent period of industrial tranquility. It means only that there may be a truce over wage rates while the unions apply their bargaining power to alternative ends.

The Courts of Inquiry into the shipbuilding and engineering industries linked to their wage recommendations two further proposals—that some other body, with wider terms of reference, should be set up to explore the whole matter of wages policy, and that the two industries should establish joint industrial councils to supplement their present negotiating machinery with a regular channel for the discussion of labour problems. In the past the employers have always rejected such "Whitley" councils on the ground that, unlike joint production committees, they encroach on the field of management. But this attitude is obviously unrealistic in modern practice, where joint consultation is an accepted complement to ordinary collective bargaining; and there is everything to be said both for simplifying the present bargaining procedure and for extending its scope to cover the conditions of work and the level of employment.

The proposal to set up an "authoritative and impartial" body to consider wages policy as a whole "in an inflationary setting" raises much larger issues. Both unions and employers have hitherto been generally opposed to any "national wages policy" designed to supersede the free bargaining process; and they probably still are. There might not, however, be the same hostility to a body whose function was to report on the general conditions lying behind wage bargaining in its present terms. Even so, it is not easy to see how such a body could be constituted so as to be acceptable to both sides. If it were made up of representatives of the negotiating parties, with a neutral chairman and perhaps some neutral expert members, it would be unlikely to arrive at agreed conclusions. If both the negotiating parties were to be excluded from it, it would be unlikely, even if its members could agree among themselves, to command the loyalty of either the T.U.C. or the employers.

It has been suggested that agreement might be reached on a proposal to link wages directly to production or to productivity; but the unions would be unlikely to agree to this if cost of living considerations were thereby to be excluded. Nor, on the other hand, would they be willing to accept a plan which related wages exclusively to the cost of living. For this would prevent them from seeking any real improvements in their relative position—even if they were ready to accept the official cost of living index as adequately reflecting changes in prices. It is generally admitted that the existing methods of wage negotiation are apt, under conditions of full employment, to lead to certain inflationary effects; but the trade unions can hardly be expected on this account to give up their traditional purpose of both protecting and improving their members' position within whatever limits their common prudence leads them to respect.

There is no valid evidence that the unions have so far abused the power which full employment puts into their hands, or that their long-standing methods of negotiation, group by group, have resulted in the appropriation of an unduly high proportion of the national income. In any case, no project involving the central control of wage incomes, while leaving other forms of income uncontrolled, can possibly be made acceptable to working-class feeling; and any attempt to impose a "national wages policy" in this sense would assuredly lead to just that massive working-class resistance which the government professes itself anxious to avoid.

# The Indian Mutiny

THE month of May this year witnesses the centenary of what the British continue to call the Indian Mutiny, and the Indian nationalists the First War of Independence. That it was much more than a mutiny is obvious from the fact that every one of the great leaders that the movement produced on the Indian side, Tantia Topi, the Rani of Jhansi, Khan Bahadur Khan and others came from outside the ranks of the army. But equally it is unhistorical to claim that it was a great national movement. Undoubtedly in some areas, like Oudh, which had existed as an independent state and had been annexed by Dalhousie only a few years before, there was an element of local national feeling; but elsewhere, broadly speaking, the movement, outside the revolt of the army, was led by those who had a sense of grievance. In fact it was the revolt of the Great Dispossessed, rulers whose territories had been annexed, classes which had lost power and prestige, families cherishing the memory of vanished glory, protesting against the new world which was growing up around them.

The immediate causes of the trouble are still shrouded in mystery. That the army had many reasons for complaint is now recognised. The introduction of greased cartridges, which readily lent itself to the apprehension that an effort was being made to convert the sepoys to Christianity, was undoubtedly one of them. But the discontent in the army could not have by itself led to such a widespread outbreak, taking within its fold the puppet emperor of Delhi, Nana Sahib, the disinherited successor of the Peishwas, and the *Taluqdars* of Oudh. Obviously there must have been other forces which exploited the political discontent among the classes who had so lately enjoyed power and prestige. No one has yet been able to discover who the real leaders were who exploited the various factors, co-ordinated plans however inefficiently, and maintained contacts with different groups. Nothing that we know of Nana Sahib, who was generally considered the villain of the piece and whose prestige as the heir to the Peishwas contributed undoubtedly to the strength of the movement, would justify the belief that his was the brain behind the organisation. Bahadur Shah, the Moghul, though a considerable poet and not a mean politician, as the recent study by Professor Spear proves, was at the time ineffective even in his own palace and was never more than a figurehead during the period of crisis. Whoever the organisers were, they have remained unknown.

The military aspect of the rebellion is of no particular importance today. The outbreak was too dispersed, too inefficiently led, to have been anything of a serious threat to British authority in India. The one great success of the rebels was the capture of Delhi, which gave to the movement a spectacular importance. But the developments in Delhi itself demonstrated clearly that the movement had behind it nothing constructive. During the first four months, the British authorities, taken by surprise, were paralysed and unable to act. If during that period a reasonable central government had been established and the activities of the rebels co-ordinated, the situation might have become dangerous for the British. But no one on the Indian side had any idea of the future. All that the leaders of the rebels visualised was a return to the anarchy of the past, with a nominal emperor ruling in Delhi and Rajas and nobles exercising their authority everywhere. But the changes in India had gone too far to permit a reversion to the conditions of the past. Consequently, the movement became a matter of local uprisings which the centrally directed campaigns of the British had no difficulty in overcoming.

The great rebellion was marred on the Indian side by many acts of wanton cruelty. The massacre of innocents at Cawnpore and at Jhansi is well known. But what is not equally well known is the extensive and systematic terrorism which the British forces employed after the rebellion was put down. Edward Thompson's notable book *The Other Side of The Medal* showed that both sides had much to be ashamed of.

The Indian approach to the events of 1857-58 has suffered from a strange contradiction. Reactionary nationalist opinion has tended to see in the great rebellion a great national movement, organised by patriotic leaders to regain India's lost independence and has in consequence tried to picture it as a heroic struggle of a subject people against superior forces. This view is stated with great force in Vinayak Savarkar's book *The Indian War of Independence*. But the facts do not quite fit into the picture. It is difficult to be romantic about a movement which failed in every one of its great objectives and which, in spite of the element of surprise which helped it, soon split up into minor groups, giving a foretaste of the anarchy to which the country might have reverted if the rebellion had been successful.

This attempt to re-write the story of 1857 was in part the protest of educated India against the one-sided picture which British historians had painted of an ungrateful India rising up in rebellion against her benevolent masters, who, caught unawares, had through heroic efforts re-established their rule. In part it was also an attempt to create in the mind of Indian youth a sense of historical mission, the feeling that it was for them to take up the uncompleted work of national liberation. Indian national leadership, however, refused to identify itself with the extreme view and was content to look upon the great rebellion as a heroic but futile protest.

One significant result of the rebellion was the great fear it generated among the British in India. They had been caught unprepared; and classes and castes with whom they had associated themselves freely in the past had suddenly shown themselves unfriendly. A British observer, Sir George Trevelyan, travelling in India in the period immediately following the mutiny, noted "the profound bitterness of feeling and the sense among the Europeans of an incalculable peril below the surface." It was this sense of fear that dominated British life in India. Great was the fear in 1907—the 50th anniversary of the Mutiny—that something similar might be brewing within the dark and mysterious recesses of Indian society, and the records of the time bear witness to the precautions that the government of India took anticipating such a development. Till the end of British rule in India, the internal security schemes, which had been worked out and kept ready to be put into action at a moment's notice, provided for British women and children's being escorted to places of safety—the result of the racial memory of the events in Cawnpore in 1857. This sense of fear separated the communities and the British remained strangers in India to the very end of their rule. In this respect the rebellion was a central fact in Anglo-Indian history.

The Mutiny finds an unusually large place in British histories of India, mainly because of this great fear and the permanent danger which the uprising disclosed. The authorities recognised that the maintenance of power in India by a small racial minority, unconnected with the people and strangers to them at all times, required overwhelming superiority of force, constant vigilance and the acceptance by the subject people of a moral superiority which for a long time went under the name of prestige. Racial solidarity had to be created and maintained. A racial religion was the result, with all its paraphernalia, pilgrimage centres like the Cawnpore Well and the Lucknow residency, and its temples, the ugly mutiny memorials which occupy a prominent place in every city, and its saints and martyrs. On the Indian side also, the mutiny loomed large. The rebels had been put down with a heavy hand. The atrocities of the white terror rankled long in Indian minds and poisoned the relations of the two races for decades to come.

Seen in true historic perspective, the Mutiny is important only from two points of view. In the first place it was the last effort of the old order to regain independence and honour, and though stained by cruelty, it was a heroic effort by a dispossessed people to reassert their dignity as a people. In the second place, it is the great divide in modern Indian history, as the policy, practice and ideals of the government that followed differed fundamentally from the government of the company which it displaced. The crown took over the government of India in 1858, and the East India Company vanished from the stage of history. A new strategy was evolved of upholding the princes whose territories it had been the policy of the Company to annex, of supporting the landed nobility which had, except in Oudh, proved its loyalty to the British.

So far as India was concerned, the Mutiny closed the chapter of the leadership of the old feudal nobility. When Indian nationalism asserted itself again in the next generation, its leaders were not the dispossessed nobles, but lawyers, teachers and journalists, who looked to the future and not to the restoration of a vanished past.

K. M. PANIKKAR

# London Diary

WE had quite an exciting meeting in the village hall. We were back at the familiar argument of the Thirties, but in a new nuclear setting. Obviously people like Willard Libby of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission and Professor Oliphant (if his remarks in Australia were correctly reported) were trying to lull our fears about radiation. Bertrand Russell, Schweitzer, a whole group of Nobel prize winners, and the Göttingen atomic scientists were right in warning us of the danger of nuclear tests. Clearly, a nuclear arms race leads, sooner or later, to world war like other arms races. The time for calling a halt is now. So far, everyone agreed. But there was a pacifist who argued, with the invariable pugnacity of pacifists, that immediate unilateral disarmament was the only moral and effective course. Another speaker agreed with him because, although not a pacifist himself, he could not believe that it was right, in defending yourself, to poison the rest of the innocent world. A third got up with clenched fists to say that he had been given them by Providence and he was quite sure that he ought to use them in self-defence. The speaker said that governments, by their nature, depended to some degree on force, and that absolute pacifism was an individual, not a political, attitude. The job of a government and a party is to end war, and the only question is whether that is more likely to be achieved by simply renouncing the

use of any particular weapons "as a moral example," or by trying to persuade other powers to take the same step. Was there any reason to think that America and Russia would be induced to come to an agreement because we tried to contract out of the suicide club? The wrong formula is: "If you will give up your tests and your nuclear weapons, we will do the same"; the right formula is: "We have decided to abandon all tests and all nuclear weapons, but we warn you that unless you do the same it will be impossible for us to remain permanently disarmed." That position calls the Soviet bluff, if it is bluff. And, backed by the horrifying prospect of Germany, Japan, Egypt, and other countries making or hiring nuclear weapons, it might possibly be effective.

* * *

We all know that an overflow of bile destroys judgment, and no one was surprised that it was his liver that killed Senator McCarthy. But though bad judgment in attacking the army and trying to represent Roosevelt's party as traitors to the United States finally led to the Senator's political downfall, there was something much worse at the very roots of him than that. He was brutal, malignant and unscrupulous to a degree that is seldom found in American or in other democratic politics. That Eisenhower allowed himself to be persuaded that McCarthy's support was necessary for electoral victory is recognised by many Americans as the worst blot on the President's political career; neither do they forgive Dulles and Nixon for attending his wedding in 1953. English democrats have not always understood how deeply ashamed most Americans were that anyone of McCarthy's character and record should have been in a position to bully decent citizens and pervert the ends of justice. Where, as American friends have been warning me this week, we may now go wrong, is in underrating the permanent damage that McCarthy did to American life and the injustice under which many Americans still suffer as a result of his activities. Nor, they say to me, should you imagine that McCarthyism died when the Senator was disgraced. It is still powerful and has continuously to be fought.

* * *

Every constituency party has the right to decide to discard its M.P. at the next election and choose a different candidate. This is not often done, except in cases like that of Stanley Evans, who regularly advocated policies with which the local party disagreed, or like that of one Conservative member in the 1945 parliament who failed to visit his constituency once in two years. But some local parties seem now to be becoming less tolerant. Mr. Nigel Nicolson, for instance, has been given notice at Bournemouth because, not consistently but on two issues only, Suez and capital punishment, he has disagreed with the local Association—and on capital punishment he eventually gave way. The Central Norfolk Conservative and Liberal Association has been even more dictatorial. Its member, Sir Frank Medlicott, has been in the House for 18 years and the Association admits that he has always been a conscientious representative. Until Suez he has never been out of step. But in his 1955 election address he followed Eden's line and pledged himself to support the U.N. and to renounce the use of force unless it was sanctioned by the U.N. Charter. This pledge was repeated at many party meetings and Sir Frank felt that he must stick to his word even when the Prime Minister broke his in the Suez adventure. So he abstained from voting at a vital division. He was at once censured by his Association and subjected to personal indignities. Officials of the Association cut him in the street, and when he asked leave to state his case to the Association, he was kept waiting in an ante-room one and a half hours and then tersely told that the meeting had broken up without hearing him. It was made clear to him that the Association did not intend to tolerate any member who showed the least taint of liberalism. So Sir Frank has now very properly stated that he will not accept renomination even if it were to be offered him. All this puts M.P.s in an increasingly difficult position. Old parliamentary hands like Attlee and Winterton have recently complained that M.P.s are doing so much constituency work that they have neither time nor energy to fulfil their chief creative and individual job as M.P.s. It seems that if they try to do so vigorously and honestly, their local associations and leaders of their own party condemn their independence. Note that the Liberal Nationals in parliament, so far from showing any liberal approach to what was clearly a matter of conscience, were as eager as the local Association to force Sir Frank's resignation. If this goes on, M.P.s will wholly cease to be representative and become merely hack delegates of whatever clique happens to run their local party.

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Incredible as it may seem, Wedgy-Benn (called Lord Stansgate by those few who do not know him well) is 80 years old this week. He seems not to change at all, except that he talks even more quickly and continuously and has to be even more often interrupted by his wife, his sons and his friends. He is a light-weight boxer, quick on his toes, ready with a stinging left when any of the right-wing heavy-weights dare to challenge him. No one has ever been more master of the technique of House of Commons infighting; no one so sharply pricks flatulence, so quickly produces the retort which devastates pomposity and humbug. I have always thought him rather wasted in the Lords where his peers refuse to be embarrassed when Benn, in the role of *enfant terrible*, points out that, like the emperor in the story, they are only pretending to wear ermine and lawn sleeves. It was of a noble lord that he first made the since often repeated remark that "he always stays the shape that he was last punched." He was always at his best as chairman of the big meetings organised by that short-lived but effective organisation, the Peace with China Council. Nowadays, as president of the Inter-parliamentary Union, he ranges wide over the uncommitted and Iron Curtain countries, doing his best to undo the damage done by more pretentious statesmen. The best description ever written of him is in Mrs. Webb's *Diaries*. Her profile when he first became a member of the Labour Party in 1927 is a perceptive masterpiece. She saw that he was a politician not an economist or philosopher, a superb Labour catch from the old ruling classes, a Liberal who repudiated Lloyd George, who saw that our politics demanded two, not three parties, and was willing to fight on the Socialist side against what she called "uncontrolled and syndicated capitalism." His role has always been not high statesmanship, but new statesmanship.

* * *

A correspondent who was at the Royal Academy banquet on May 1 writes: "By far the most striking event of the evening was the speech of the Lord Chancellor, which has not been fully reported, even in the *Daily Telegraph*. Having said that painting was almost a prerequisite for admission to ministerial rank, and having thus paid it the highest compliment he could, Lord Kilmuir concluded his speech by saying that it was the duty of his ministry to protect three institutions in particular, and that they were the Crown, Religion and Business. Since he was addressing an institution devoted to the Arts, I could scarcely believe my ears. Had he not, perhaps, said 'Art'? No, he had said 'Business'. Others heard him say it, too. Perhaps he thought he was addressing the Royal Academy of Businesses." This very distinguished correspondent adds that he does not want his name to appear "in case I am not invited to the R.A. again, and I like the food."

CRITIC

## This England

**Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.**

At one time, any gesture of affection in public between a married couple was frowned upon, but nowadays if you want to kiss your husband "hallo" or "goodbye," it is perfectly in order to do so.

The only rule about the whole thing is that your husband should raise his hat.—*Woman*. (H. Greenhalgh.)

"Our television conked out and I had nothing else to do," was the excuse stated to have been offered to the police by a youth caught peeping at a girl through a chink in some bedroom curtains.—*News of the World*. (Joseph Cole.)

Mr. William Rees-Davies, M.P. for Thanet, was fined £1 at Bow Street yesterday for a parking offence. He was said to have told a policeman: "I am an M.P. It is quite wrong you should chase people like me."—*Daily Mail*. (Stanley Frances.)

Supporters of the bomb do not wish to "endanger the future of the human race," as Mr. Lines suggests; they want to protect their heritage. I prefer to die standing up, rather than live kneeling down.—Letter in *News Chronicle*. (R. Straker.)

## On First Looking Into Chapman's Utopia

"The men who are preparing to explode the H-bomb, far from being monsters intent on poisoning your great-grandchildren with radioactive fumes, may be the means of keeping your son out of uniform and enabling you to afford a car."—Chapman Pincher in the *Daily Express*.

A shattered car beneath a blasted bough,
Some poisoned grub and useless cash and Thou,
Dear Chapman, warbling in the Wilderness—
O, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

Some hope to live a little while, and some
Prefer to have us blown to Kingdom Come—
Ah, take the car and leave the rest to chance:
Why heed the bumble of a distant bomb?

Lo, here's the car, the coupons—cash to spend:
Far from my flivver may the Dust descend!
But Dust to Dust, what matter when or how
Since either way it gets you in the end?

Some say that gamblers, by a fatal guess,
Have staked our birthright on a gory mess;
They say the Dead don't need a Learner's plate—
Pish! It will all be well—read the *Express*!

Beloved Chapman, fill the bus with gas
And some wasp-waisted, well-upholstered lass.
*Tomorrow*? Why, tomorrow I may be
As stiff as you, or any other ass.

But when some curious visitor from Mars
Explores our planet's self-inflicted scars
He will not know this was the price we paid
For you, dear Chapman, and our little cars.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

# The Insider

"His conscience and his character compound matters very amicably. He rather patronises honesty than is a martyr to it. His patriotism, his philanthrophy are not so ill-bred, as to quarrel with his loyalty or to banish him from the first circles. He preaches vital Christianity to untutored savages and tolerates its worst abuses in civilised states. He shows thus his repect for religion without offending the clergy, or circumcribing the sphere of his usefulness."

It cannot for a moment be pretended that the whole of Hazlitt's bitter denunciation of Wilberforce in *The Spirit of the Age* applies to Sir Edward Boyle. But in the sentences which have just been quoted there are too many echoes of the charges commonly made against Sir Edward to enable one to ignore the comparison with Wilberforce altogether. "*. . . conscience and character compound matters very amicably*": what speech of Sir Edward's is not just such a happy composition? "*. . . not so ill-bred as to banish him from the first circles*": what else can one say of his unabashed return to office? "*. . . without circumscribing the sphere of his usefulness*": is it not just such a complacent estimate of his own usefulness which is likely to prove his downfall? No one would accuse Sir Edward of being a hypocrite. But this was not the charge which Hazlitt laid against Wilberforce. "A hypocrite is one who is the very reverse of, or who despises, the character he pretends to be: Wilberforce would be all that he pretends to be, and he is it in fact, as far as words, plausible theories, good inclinations and easy services go."

His friends would be shocked if such a charge were made against Sir Edward in their presence. One of them, indeed, has been known to remark that, "Whatever Edward does or says, I will go to my grave believing in his moral sense," an unconscious tribute to Sir Edward's personality, which is intelligent, easy-going, generous to a fault—to the particular fault of inviting everyone to share in his own moral dilemmas. Moreover, since in a party which has become increasingly secularised he is one of the few—Lord Hailsham is another—who draws considerable strength from his High Anglicanism, he also appears to stand out as an individual moralist.

Unfortunately, familiarity breeds in some of Sir Edward's colleagues, if not contempt, at least a reluctance to take it all too seriously. Senior and junior ministers alike, weary of the assumption that they are less principled than he because they happen not to denude themselves emotionally in public, listen with a jaundiced expression to the latest quaver—or, rather, semi-quaver—of his self-vindication. Sir Edward Boyle, they recount to each other, and it is a damaging point, can seldom utter an opinion without prefacing it with a statement of his honesty or his truthfulness. "I do not *honestly* feel that I can defend, as a minister, the recent policy of the government": this to Sir Anthony Eden in November, 1956. "I can *truthfully* say that I find myself in the warmest possible support of all the objectives he outlined": this of Mr. Macmillan in January, 1957. It is no wonder that, when Sir Edward sits down after making a speech, the only really apt comment seems to be that "Somebody's mother has been using Persil."

Thirty-four in August and unmarried, Sir Edward Boyle lives with his mother, a dominating woman, at the family home at Hurst Green, Sussex. Since his father's death in 1945, Lady Boyle's whole life has centred on the career of her only son. It has been a rewarding interest. Sir Edward Boyle was one of the dominating figures at Oxford after the war; and as one of the three members of the Oxford Union debating team which toured America in 1947 and 1948, he outstripped the other two, Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn and Mr. Kenneth Harris, both in his performance and in the personal impact he made. Quickly, while still an undergraduate and against a background of appropriate noises made by Peterborough in the *Daily Telegraph*, he was adopted as Conservative candidate for the Perry Barr division of Birmingham, which he fought but lost at the general election of 1950. Later that year he fought and won the by-election in the Handsworth division of Birmingham, which he still represents at Westminster. He was then 27. Once in parliament he moved swiftly to the foot of the ladder of promotion, and was picked out by none less than Mr. Duncan Sandys, to be Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Supply, and afterwards by Mr. Harold Macmillan, to be Economic Secretary to the Treasury.

His resignation from that post last November and his unashamed return to office in January remain mystifying even to his friends. The explanation which probably comes nearest to the truth is that Sir Edward Boyle is by temperament as well as by birth an Insider. The baronetcy, the country home, the flat in Marsham Street, Eton, Christ Church, the Carlton, Pratt's: he carries more of the insignia of the Insider than any future Prime Minister since Sir Anthony Eden entered the House of Commons; and the insignia represent the man. Born on the Inside, he believes in his right (though he would probably say his duty) to work on the Inside. The clue, therefore, to his rapid return to office in January is that his resignation two months earlier had shocked him. He was frankly appalled to find himself behaving as an Outsider. Certainly he is happy to be back on the Inside again—"After the Treasury, there is no department in which I should more like the chance of serving than the Ministry of Education"—and to feel that he has not sacrificed the advantages of having been born into the Establishment or pointlessly circumscribed the sphere of his usefulness.

The Conservative Party today is not so crowded with talent that it will be able in coming years to dispense with the services of Sir Edward Boyle. He may, from now on, remain on the Inside, but *on the Inside* he will be an intelligent and strong advocate of the policies he chooses to support. What will those policies be? It is too early to tell, for no one knows how deep a psychological mark his personal experiences of the last three or four months have left. He has hitherto shown little originality in political thought; and much depends on the kind of Conservatives who will climb over on to the Inside in the next ten years or so. Sir Edward Boyle will be waiting there to welcome them.

# Fleet Street Notebook

I REPORTED last week on the battle of the giants. This week I report on the beginning of the thaw. Paragraph 1, Page 1, of the exceedingly magisterial list of instructions sent to all newspapers by the Newsprint Rationing Committee reads: "Newspapers will publish only such number of copies as is needed to meet firm orders." In other words, no offer of newspapers on sale or return. This rule was originally imposed during the war as a means of stopping the waste of imported newsprint.

It has almost always, let it be whispered, been honoured more in the breach than in the observance, at least by the larger newspaper organisations, and increasingly so, as time has passed. As in the days of prohibition in America, the powerful sentiments of the public speech and the committee resolution have rarely been allowed to interfere with the flask in the hip pocket or the truck rumbling to the back door of those who know their way about. Now, however, the challenge to the official ban on distribution to newsagents on a sale-or-return basis has come out into the open.

The revolt has begun, as the best revolts often do, in the provinces. Five Midland evening newspapers publishing in Birmingham, Coventry, Wolverhampton and Worcester have announced that henceforward newsagents can return up to two-thirds of unsold copies. So far the Newsprint Supply Co.—the controlling organisation for which the Newsprint Rationing Committee speaks—has confined itself to a pained but prudent declaration of a no comment, and the General Purposes Committee of the Newspaper Society has hurriedly put the matter on the agenda of its next meeting. Meanwhile newsagents in conference in other parts of the country have been demanding the same facilities as their Midland brethren.

The question is, how far will the movement spread? At present only a few—although important—provincial evening papers are concerned. Will it spread to all evening papers?—evening papers, because of the large number of their casual street-corner sales, have been the most hampered by the official ban. And if it does, can the ban long be imposed on both the national and provincial dailies?

I believe myself that rule No. 1 of the Newsprint Rationing Committee is almost certainly on the way out, although no doubt there will be a considerable number of delaying actions fought. But competitive passions are rising so high that it is difficult to see how it will long be possible to maintain formal restraints much longer.

The case against the removal of the control is, of course, that it may make the battle for the survival of the weaker even harder as the successful print more and more copies and offer more and more lavish attractions to catch the casual reader and bind him to them, to the detriment of their smaller rivals. But although the final ending of the ban on sale or return would bring the already fierce struggle for circulation further into the open, in fact the moral case—if such a phrase is permissible in such a context—does not lie all on one side. Indeed, freedom to offer copies on sale or return could contribute in some measure to a badly needed thaw in the at present frozen structure of the newspaper industry.

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# THE FABIAN SOCIETY WRITES AGAIN

Five years ago, just after the fall of the Labour Government, we invited you in these columns to join us in doing the Reformer's never-ending job—the translating into reality by discussion, by propaganda, by the continuous following-up in detail of programmes and policies, of Socialist policy. " New worlds," we said to you then, " are not made easily. The changes most needed involve problems of administration, of personality, of objective sufficiently stiff to tax the best brains of the day." And so indeed it has proved; you have only to look around to see how many of these vital problems remained unsolved.

Now, five years later, when at any moment we may find ourselves with a fourth Labour Government in office, we ask you again—and not with any feeling that the job has become easier. Rather, after five years of Tory muddle, it has become harder.

Harder, not merely or even mainly because new horrors like the H-bomb fall-out and the scandal of Suez have arisen to test us, but because the people to whom we appeal and whom we serve are less and less likely to be moved by glittering political generalisations. *It is not enough*, today, to have " faith in Socialist policy "; *it is not enough* to calculate on a percentage swing or to remember 1945. What people will demand of a new Labour Government is that it shall have thought out, in detail and with imagination, what it can do in 1958–1959–1960. The face of the world may change, and destruction, even, may hang over us. But people do not change greatly; their lives and their conditions, the problems they have to face and the questions they ask and want answered, *in specific terms*, remain very much the same.

" What do you propose for the children? " they ask. " Can you give us the schools we want, get teachers to go into them?" " What can you do for the old folks? Can you devise a fair and decent pensions system? " " Can you make nationalisation a real thing to the workers in nationalised industries—can you make them partners of the nation? " " What is your plan for the remainder of the colonial empire—for Tanganyika, Mauritius, etc.? And can you stop a colour bar growing up in Britain? " " What about foreign affairs? Have you a constructive solution to the problems of Germany, the Middle East, Asia and Anglo-American relations?" " What can you do about our cities with planners who won't plan, and forces which unite to stop planning? Can you preserve us green country and build us houses? "

This list of questions could be extended indefinitely; but there is one thing they all have in common. They are not issues on which you can go to town with a simple slogan; they all call for patient and detailed exploration—and patient explanation and discussion, too, with those whom they will affect. These, and similar subjects, are those on which the members of the Fabian Society, sometimes in co-operation with the Labour Party, sometimes blazing their own pioneer trail, have been working during these five years, as the founders worked seventy years ago. And latterly with increasing public attention. Not in a spirit of self-glorification but in order that you may see that the support you gave us five years ago was not wasted, we list *a few* recent publications which have received a lot of Press notice: *Socialism and the New Despotism* (R. H. S. Crossman), *Socialism and Nationalisation* (Hugh Gaitskell), *What is Wrong with the Trade Unions?* (G. D. H. Cole), *The Kenya Question: An African Answer* (Tom Mboya), *Plan for Industrial Pensions* (A group of trade unionists), *Socialism and the Intellectuals* (Kingsley Amis), *The Privy Council as a Second Chamber* (Anthony Wedgwood Benn), *Fabian International Essays* (ed. T. E. M. McKitterick and Kenneth Younger).

We are going on with the Reformer's job, as you will see. But we are doing it, as always, on a shoestring that is stretched ever thinner. Costs of shoestrings, we need not tell you, rise continually. So now, in 1957, we are appealing to you again, with all the urgency we can command, to come in and join in the work. *Time is short*; don't wait until you are engulfed by a new general election. Come to Dartmouth Street and see the work that is being done—and the mass that could be done if we had the resources. Or write, on the slip below, for more news of our activities.

One final word. The Fabian Society is a Socialist society and is affiliated to the Labour Party. But it has no orthodoxy of its own; its members work with the Party, nationally and locally—the members of the Party Sub-Committee on Reorganisation (which produced the " Wilson Report ") were all Fabians, and Fabians (there are over a hundred of them in the House of Commons) pull their weight at election time. The absence of a " Fabian policy," however, means that all are welcome freely to sound out their own suggestions and ideas in an atmosphere of comparative privacy, and see whether or not they are acceptable.

*COME IN NOW.*

To: The Secretary, THE FABIAN SOCIETY, 11 Dartmouth Street, London, S.W1.

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for long. In fact, only the *Daily Express* among national dailies, and the *Sunday Times* among Sunday papers, are using anything like their newsprint ration at present. Consumption of newsprint is therefore running well below the allowed total and there seems no good reason why newspapers should not now be given the freedom to use their allocations as they like. If they cannot afford to produce bigger papers why not let them try to build circulation by running off more copies for sending out to newsagents on sale or return in the hope of thus attracting new readers?

The truth, as everyone in Fleet Street knows, is that the rule of the Rationing Committee has long ceased to operate. It is an open secret that large newspaper groups are in many cases offering copies to newsagents on a lavish sale-or-return basis by direct distribution. Circulation representatives arrive in vans at the newsagents, leave bundles and call back next day to collect in cash the money for the additional number sold over and above those received through the normal wholesale channels. They take unsolds away and leave bundles of the next issue for sale on the same terms. A whole system of perambulating salesmen has grown up while the Newsprint Rationing Committee solemnly chants to itself the self-hypnotic incantation: "Newspapers will publish only such number of copies as is needed to meet firm orders." Rule 1 has provided no barrier to the rapid expansion of circulation by the already powerful and established, and its final removal would probably not very much alter the position so far as the major contestants in the current circulation struggle are concerned.

What it would do is to give more opportunity to new small papers—especially weeklies—to establish themselves. Lacking resources for big publicity campaigns to attract the attention of potential readers and persuade them to place "firm orders" (magic phrase) with newsagents, they are denied the opportunity of getting their publications displayed on newsagents' stands. And since one of the great perils that now faces the press, and those who read it, is the increasing domination of a few powerful groups and the increasing number of obstacles in the way of fresh enterprise, anything that adds to the chances of new publications is welcome.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

# On Being Towed Away

I KNOW a nervously law-abiding man who had the experience, long before the new Removal of Vehicles Regulations came into force on the first of this month, of getting up from a business lunch to find that the police had towed his car away. He thought he had left it in a good place, for it was in a very quiet road. But during his 90 minutes' absence a water-main had burst in the next road, which was a busy one, and the police had diverted all the traffic down the quiet one. After that, he was very much in the way. Of course he thought his car had been stolen, and hurried to the nearest police station. Ah, they said, your car is at so-and-so, naming another station three miles away. Name and address, please? The episode cost him about three hours and a police homily on road obstruction.

In some districts the police have, in fact, been driving cars away like this for some years. They purported to be doing it under the Removal of Vehicles Regulations, 1938. These were made by the Minister of Transport under section 59 of the Road Traffic Act, 1930 (they are now revoked), and they allowed the removal of vehicles that had broken down, or had been left in dangerous positions, or appeared to have been abandoned (e.g., by smash-and-grab men). Those provisions never authorised the police to drive away a parked car that was in working order and was merely an obstruction, and not a danger, to other road users. But few people knew this, and even if they objected, there was little that those few could do—unless an insurance claim arose. Insurance was always the main problem; not "third party" (for if the police driver knocked someone down the local authority would probably have to pay), but insurance for damage to the towed vehicle. Under the new regulations, which authorise the removal of vehicles "by towing *or* driving," the insurance problems remain unsolved. The police in London seem to have made up their minds that they will always tow, not drive; which, unless they provide themselves with breakdown lorries, may land them in difficulties, since many of the modern manufacturers, developing the confident mood in which they dispensed with starting handles, have now dispensed also with any conceivable place for fastening a tow rope.

The possibility that a police-towed vehicle may get involved in a collision and become a total loss is being watched with semi-detached interest by the insurance companies, and no one yet knows whether they will be prepared to pay up. It is probably being watched more anxiously by the police authorities, who may even decide to remove only the cheap cars and leave the Rolls-Royces alone. Unless you use a rigid tow-bar, towing a car is a nervous exercise, and the law does not allow you to mitigate the nervousness by using a rope or chain more than 15 feet long.

Your car can now be removed in this way for a number of new reasons, of which "obstruction" is likely to be merely the most general. The others are breakdown, danger to other traffic, staying too long on a parking place, being in the way of a public procession, waiting in a "yellow band street" on the wrong side or at the wrong time, and parking on or near a pedestrian crossing. The new regulations provide the first statutory instance in which any attempt has been made to say what obstruction is, after many judicial pronouncements about what it is not. The usual offence of obstruction, punished under the Motor Vehicles (Construction and Use) Regulations, 1955, is that of allowing the vehicle to "stand on a road so as to cause any unnecessary obstruction thereof"—i.e., of the road itself. And however "private" the road is, even if, for example, it merely leads to a farm and is never repaired, it is a road for this purpose. You can punishably obstruct a road by parking over a man-hole, or (as I did once) in a place where the local authority's pneumatic drill men want to make a hole and get into it. The Lord Chief Justice decided last year (in *Solomon v. Burbidge*) that you can do it by parking in a line of vehicles on Victoria Embankment (although no one has been demonstrably inconvenienced) and that the fact that all the others in the line are doing it too is just your luck. It is now forty years since, under a similar regulation, the High Court decided (*Gill v. Carson*) that the police do not need to call any evidence that someone has been actually obstructed. You may therefore take some comfort from the fact that, in this regard, the new police powers cannot be exercised until (in the policeman's opinion) the car is

> so near a road junction as to interfere with the passage of other vehicles at or near that junction, or so far from the edge of the carriageway, or so near another vehicle, that the space available for the passage of other vehicles along the road is unduly restricted.

All these new parking risks leave unchanged the law's general attitude to the motorist who stops on the road, and this may be a good moment to look at some of them again. The Common Law would probably say, though hardly, today, above a whisper, that he commits a trespass every time he does it, because the roads are meant only for "passing and repassing." The statutes are more confident. If he wants to get away and leave the car he must, by statute, stop his engine and set his handbrake. If he proposes to stay in it while he waits, he can do as he pleases about the handbrake but he must switch the engine off (except in a traffic hold-up). He *may* run the engine to find out whether there is anything wrong with it; and I know of one bench of magistrates which has decided that he may do it in order to re-charge a weak battery. What he may not do is sound his horn, or in other words "use any audible warning instrument with which the vehicle is fitted." He is not even allowed to do this when a pantechnicon is backing into him; and yet the law will punish him unless his car is fitted with "an instrument capable of giving audible and sufficient warning of the approach *or position* of the vehicle." His only escape from this dilemma is to have two horns, one fitted to the vehicle (for use when in motion, but not between 11.30 p.m. and 7 a.m. in towns), and one that can be picked up and hooted manually when he is stationary (as in *Rex v. Haddock*, 1936). Few people do this and the law is much abused.

It is better for the stationary motorist if his mudguards are fairly new and smooth. Pedestrians are always tearing their clothes on jagged pieces of broken wing and then telling the police. All the police can do then (and they often do it) is prosecute the motorist for using a vehicle that was "not maintained in such condition that no danger was likely to be caused to anyone." But perhaps the worst parking offences are committed at night. Everyone seems to have forgotten that you must not park "on the offside" after dark, except in a one-way street. In the dark nights of the war, when this regulation was born, it was often impossible to decide whether a stationary vehicle on the road was on the near or offside, or standing disabled in the middle: all you could see was its heavily masked lights in otherwise total blackness. Compulsory nearside parking became essential. But the regulation has never died. It is now No. 90 of the Motor Vehicles (Construction and Use) Regulations, 1955, and it requires you, under threat of a £20 fine, to park at night with the left or near side of the vehicle "as close as may be to the edge of the carriageway." Now that we are allowed to park in so many dark streets without lights, this regulation is important again.

I recently heard one motorist telling another that he would rather pay a £2 fine for obstruction than have to collect his car from some distant "pound," and perhaps pay the police for looking after it without being asked for their services at all. The other one said he would prefer the inconvenience of all that to the stigma of a conviction. The answer to both, really, was that the maximum fine for obstruction is £20 and that the fact that your car caused enough obstruction to make a policeman feel justified in towing it away makes it more likely, not less, that you will be fined as well. But suppose the policeman was wrong, and the towing away not justified? Sooner or later, some angry motorist will sue the police for loss of time and business, and the Common Law will have another of its dying kicks.

C. H. ROLPH

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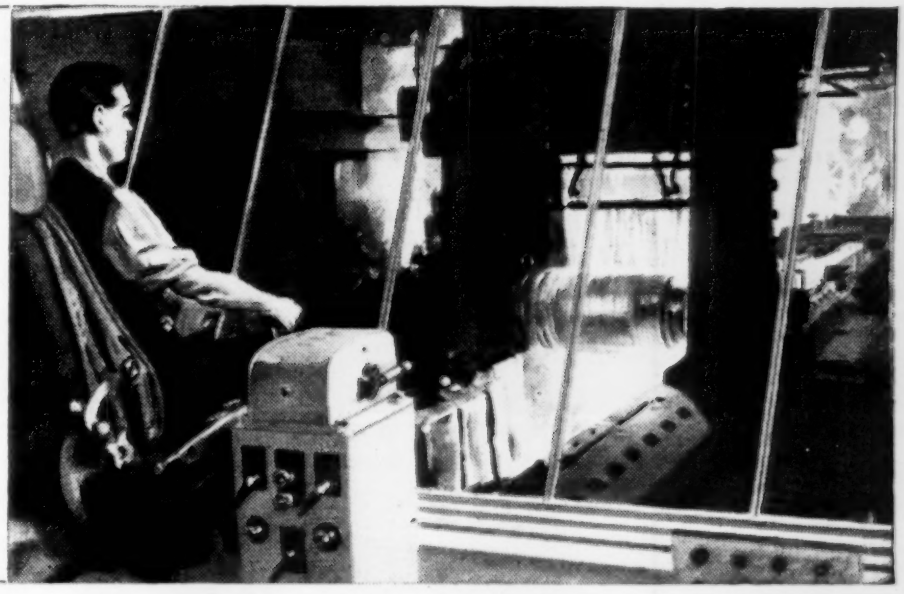

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# The Arts and Entertainment

## Out Back

AUSTRALIA was, as a theatrical hunting ground, for long a mere extension of our provincial touring territory, a sort of extra special No. 2 date, to which second-class companies took second-class successful West End plays. (Second-class is here far from a pejorative adjective; you can get a lot farther down the touring scale. But the Australians were said to be a bad audience for anything serious.) It was Sir Laurence Olivier's initiative in taking an Old Vic Company to play Shakespeare there, I believe, which started the movement that founded the Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust with its headquarters at Sydney, and with Mr. Hugh Hunt as its first director of productions. And now the Trust has blossomed with the first genuinely Australian play able to compete in the international field. Everyone who has had a hand in the venture must be particularly gratified. It has been a major criticism of the Dominions all these years that they have failed to produce any considerable body of indigenous art. Painters, writers, actors have simply fled their native Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Canada and europeanised themselves. The theatre is now just beginning to offer an opposite trend. Canada has established a flourishing Shakespearean theatre at Stratford, Ontario, and has just announced the public provision of a small theatre in Montreal to encourage young Canadian playwrights; and we have lately in *The Glass Cage* seen the quality of the Crest Theatre, Toronto. Now *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll* has received what, on its history, an Australian play was bound to require, the accolade of a London success.

It deserves it, too. The first merit of the play is that it is genuinely indigenous. One feels it to be as squarely and firmly rooted in the Australian scene as *A View from the Bridge* was in New York or *Streetcar* in the South (which doesn't mean, of course, that it is any more "representative" of Australia than the other plays are of America). It gives us the feel and the quality of life there on its chosen level. That level is of prosperous seasonal workers who go north to cut cane for the seven winter months and come south to spend their takings in the summer. The play opens in the seventeenth summer that two such workers, Roo and Barney, have spent in a terrace cottage in Victoria. Olive Leech is waiting as she has for the last sixteen years for Roo to arrive; their liaison has almost the fixity of a marriage. But Barney's girl Nancy is no longer there as well. She has deserted into a real marriage, and Olive has got in a fellow barmaid, Pearl, to take her place. And so, as they await the men, the enthusiastic Olive tries to picture for the more genteel—the inclined-to-be-hoity-toity—Pearl the pleasures and excitements of the "lay-off," the fun they have. It is a criticism of the writing, I think, that we are never made fully aware of what this fun quite is, for we never see it. When "the boys" arrive—Roo, a stolid bullock now going at the edges, Barney a perky little cock-sparrow—it is all bathos. They aren't, as usual, brimming with money and buoyancy. Roo has been displaced as gang-leader by a younger and tougher rival; Barney has not stood by him; and instead of the high jinks that have been promised Roo must knuckle under and endure what is for such buccaneer workers the indignity of a city job, while Barney, for all his sexual reputation, makes no headway with the lofty Pearl.

We have reached this point in rather a discursive manner as if the core of the play were to be only the observation of this layer of life, comic and sharp, with an expressive accent in the idiom and an exhibition of "characters" rather than character—the contrast in the two girls and the two men and an amusingly tart, if not unfamiliar, grandma.

But, though he has not prepared us for it, the author, Ray Lawler, has another trick to produce yet. The cane-cutter's life with its rhythm of all-out work and all-out pleasure is more than a mere alternative between two extremes. There is something of the heroic about it, in its own shabby fashion; it is a romantic conception, and Olive the barmaid lives in the glory of that. When the dream is shattered, she is the sufferer and Mr. Lawler makes of this a fine last act with a powerful reversal of the expected. It is in his handling of this turn of the drama that Mr. Lawler shows himself a playwright of more than merely regional interest.

The play is well acted by its Australian cast, though it could bear some cutting and speeding up in the first act and a half. Miss June Jago, who has done sterling character work as the brash and gushing barmaid in the first half comes up to a fine and moving hysteria in the scene where her life falls about her. Miss Madge Ryan keeps her finger perpetually crooked, so to speak, as she disdainfully sniffs at the tea she is offered. The author, jaunty as Barney, and Mr. Kenneth Warren, wooden as Roo, are adequate, and Miss Ethel Gabriel contributes a picric little sketch of the grandmother.

T. C. WORSLEY

## A New Singer

IT is both good and bad luck for a young singer to find herself hailed as "a new Flagstad". The phrase plants her firmly in the public's vague and forgetful mind, which might otherwise take a long time to assimilate such a mouthful as Aase Nordmo-Lövberg; but all such phrases, like "the Venice of the North," are apt to be misleading and to arouse faulty expectations, and hence antagonism, in the listener. Yet Mme Lövberg (I venture to call her by this abbreviated name because her hyphen seems optional) had not been on the platform of the Festival Hall for many minutes before the justice, indeed the inevitability, of the comparison became clear to all. Just so, we may suppose, did Kirsten Flagstad sing the lyric repertory some thirty years ago in her native Norway; in timbre, in musical character, even in such details as the girlish little bob to acknowledge applause, the new soprano might indeed have been Mme Flagstad's daughter.

Her voice is of lovely quality, with a bright radiance evenly diffused over two octaves, and with that bloom of youth and perfect health on the tone which can be compared only to a flawless complexion. The management of the voice may seem at first a little loose, as Flagstad's also did when first we heard her; that is to say, the movement across intervals is less deliberate and less purposeful than we expect; but we soon observe that the intervals are classically pure, just as the emission of tone is classically steady and secure. Merely to hear such a flow of tone, so sweet and true and round, is in itself a great and rare musical pleasure—a fact well known to the larger musical public everywhere, though slightly bewildering and even irritating to certain professional musicians who feel themselves to be above such sensuous joys. It can be freely admitted that Mme Lövberg's singing is at present sensuously rather than dramatically or intellectually rewarding. Nothing in Leonora's aria from *Fidelio* daunted her: the runs and scales may not have been very fiery or energetic, but they were unquestionably there, and they culminated in a pure high B natural. She was equal to the long soaring lines of the Liebestod from *Tristan*, in which again her final F sharp was a note of memorable beauty and sweetness. She has the innate musicianship to cope with these great pages; not, however, the temperament or the passion. Her *Fidelio* recitative held neither rage nor dismay: this was Isabella coldly rebuking Angelo, a pure spirit forced to recognise the existence of evil but without the human comprehension of what that evil might be. Her Isolde was virginal and exquisite.

One is forced to ask: was this the music in which she ought to have been presented; are these the roles which she ought to be singing at this stage in her career? Surely not. While the fresh morning dew is still on her tone, let her sing us Agathe in *Der Freischütz*, Wagner's Elsa and Elisabeth and even Sieglinde, Strauss's Ariadne and Arabella, Mozart's Pamina and Fiordiligi and Countess Almaviva. The tragic heroines, the darker and grander roles, can surely wait: had better wait, indeed, if the voice is to grow comfortably and easily into the great maturity which can be predicted for it. At present there is a certain naivety in Mme Lövberg's art—it is one of her charms. And by no stretch of the imagination can Isolde be called a naive role.

Mme Lövberg's accompaniments were finely played by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Rudolf Kempe, who began with an immaculate reading of Haydn's Surprise Symphony. Besides conducting *Butterfly* for Victoria de los Angeles, Herr Kempe is also in charge of the current *Turandot* revival at Covent Garden. For the first time, I find myself seriously questioning an interpretation by this admirable conductor. It was not merely that the opera needed one or two further rehearsals; the trouble was that it emerged as a curiously dim and small-scale *Turandot*, without the exotic charm of colour or the brazen display of power proper to this score. Only James Johnston's high notes brought something of the real metal into a dispiriting evening. Sylvia Fisher lacks the icy purity and attack of a born Turandot; but, capital artist that she is, she had mastered the part so thoroughly that she compelled us to suspend our disbelief: her singing of the opening phrases of "In questa reggia" was beautifully moulded, and by the last act, where Alfano takes over from Puccini, she was pouring out her tone in a generous flood. Amy Shuard, as Liù, was hampered by an insecure command of high-lying pianissimo; and the Three Masks were allowed too much squeaky parlando when true singing was needed. This *Turandot* will probably improve, but it is one of the operas which suffers most cruelly in English translation: "None shall sleep to-night" has none of the massive terseness of "Nessun dorma." The previous night, after Mme Lövberg's arias, I was able to slip over to Covent Garden in time to hear the last two acts of a *Carmen* performance in which Jon Vickers more than confirmed the good impression he had made in *A Masked Ball*; his last act Don José, ruined and dangerous but never merely whining, was both vocally and dramatically the most impressive I have seen.

A refurbished *Trovatore* at Sadler's Wells has picturesque sets by Malcolm Pryde, and one extremely promising performance: the Di Luna of Peter Glossop, a fine young baritone. Victoria Elliot has all the right ideas about Leonora, but her voice hardens under pressure; while Ronald Dowd, though capable of ringing tone, inclined to deliver much of Manrico's music in a confidential manner incompatible with the character. Sheila Rex threw herself energetically into the role of Azucena.

At the Festival Hall last Sunday the celebrated Russian pianist, Emil Gilels, gave us an afternoon of beautifully finished playing which remained somewhat aloof and impersonal in late Brahms and in Chopin's B flat minor Sonata, to leap into genius in the long transcription from *Petrushka* with which he ended. His playing of the Russian Dance was a staggering feat of virtuosity, and his account of the subsequent scene in Petrushka's cell revealed, more than do orchestral performances, the pathetic sawdust soul of the puppet.

I should like to draw attention to the forthcoming Festival Hall appearances of the remarkable Hungarian pianist, Annie Fischer, on May 14th (Schumann Concerto) and 19th (recital). I wrote enthusiastically about Mme Fischer after

hearing her in Prague last spring, and was only prevented by shortage of space from returning to the subject a few months go after her magnificent Schumann and Chopin playing at the Wigmore Hall. She is a brilliant executant, with an uncommonly mature grasp of musical style and meaning.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

## Abstracts Italian and English

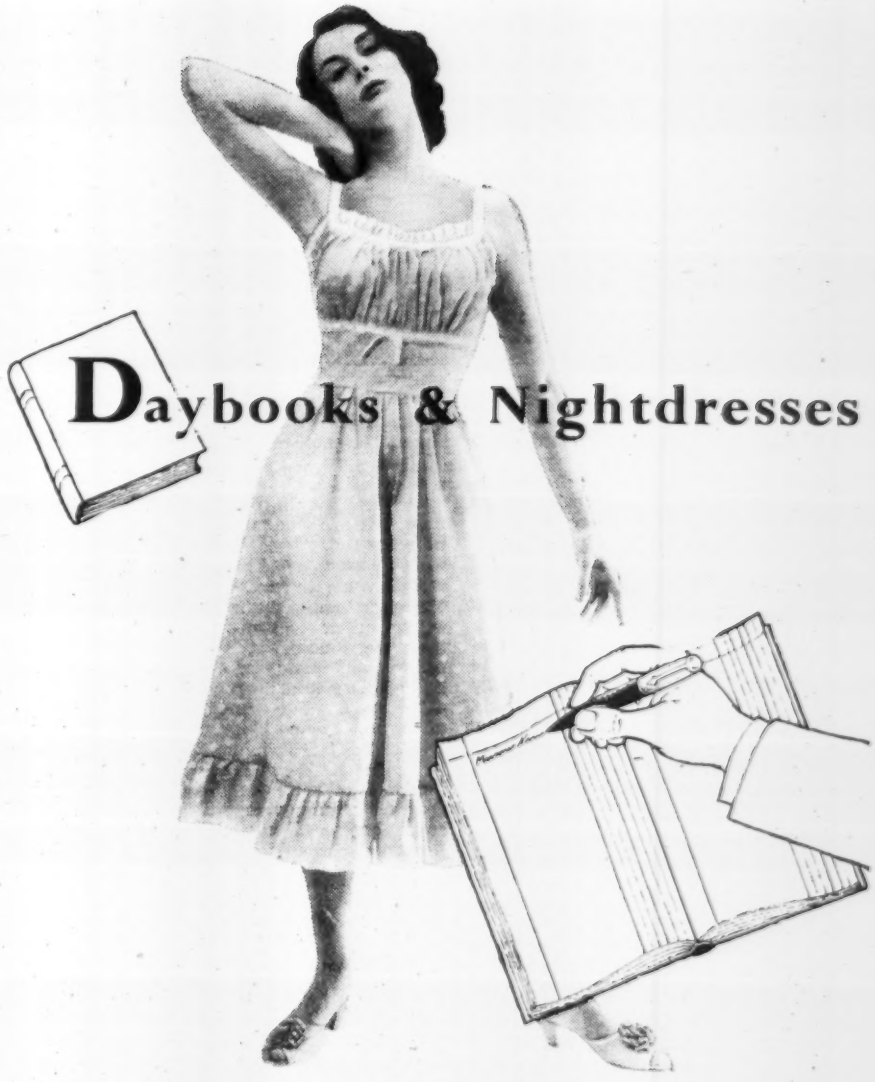
PERHAPS the most important difference between the second half of the twentieth century and the first is that people are less sure now what they think. This is reflected in the art world by a marked fall in the production of manifestoes. The only remaining Stakhanovites of the manifesto are the *Spazialismo* group in Italy, a fluid group with a firm centre in the person of Lucio Fontana, who has issued at least seven manifestoes in the last eleven years. Members and ex-members and associates and ex-associates of this group provide the core of the anthology of recent abstract Italian painting and sculpture called "Between space and earth" which is now on view at the Marlborough.

"What the Futurists did for the motor car the *Spaziali* propose to do for the dynamic space, microcosmic or astronomic, of modern science": thus Mr. Lawrence Alloway, in his preface to the catalogue, and in this one sentence he seems to me to epitomise what they have indeed done. It is remarkable how precisely like the Futurists most of them are in their misuse of painting.

The resemblance shows most clearly in their treatment of colour. Like the Futurists, they do not use colour but colours, getting a bejewelled effect not unlike that of a Dante Gabriel Rossetti or of a mighty Wurlitzer under the coloured spots. If the comparison implies condemnation on grounds of bad taste that is not what I intended. The complaint is that colours used in this way cancel out and therefore mean nothing, express nothing, other than bad taste. It is not the vulgarity that is objectionable but the deadness, the effect of wax flowers planted in a garden.

This abuse of colour is only a by-product. What is really wrong with these painters is that their paintings do not *embody* their ideas for paintings. It is a good idea to paint a dog with eight tails because in the course of a few seconds we see its tail in eight places. But, of course, we don't; any more than we see sunlight as the colours of the prism. It is only the painter who convinces us that we do, and the value of his idea is proportionate to his power to make it real. Balla's dog only illustrates his idea about the movement of a dog's tail, and the painter needs to make his idea incarnate—the word made paint. It is because of a failure to achieve this that futurist paintings now look dated and artificial beside analytical-cubist paintings. And Dova and Crippa look artificial already. So does Fontana, but he is a charming decorator, whose portentous aims find no echo that I can perceive in his actual works, which are original, modish, slight, and enjoyable. Capogrossi is easily the best of the *Spaziali*, but he is only a decorator—to avoid the cliché would be inaccurate.

There is better painting to be seen, I think, at the Redfern's exhibition of "Metavisual, Tachiste, Abstract Painting in England Today" (which closes this Saturday), though only in the work of a handful of the many exhibitors. The painters who stand out from the ruck are Moynihan, Hilton, Davie and Pasmore. When I say this, I do not believe I am merely expressing a personal preference. I believe that some of the works by these four painters are better than the rest of the exhibits and that they are as clearly and indubitably better as champagne is a better drink than lemonade. (The answer to the objection that it is possible to prefer lemonade to champagne is that this is no objection.)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But how can a claim like this possibly be argued? What possible criterion is there for saying that one abstract painting is better than another when dealing with a kind of abstract painting that rejects the possibility of an ideal beauty, a canon?—so that it is absurd to say that one is "better" in colour or design or anything like that. To start with, there is one valid proposition which can be made about painting in general, which works in reference to painting of every time and place, and which can survive analysis: it is that a good painting has a dual life, its autonomous existence as a thing which in itself arrests and excites the eye, and its embodiment in some way of something other than itself, and that the interaction of these two elements is the purpose of painting. This interaction is what art-criticism is generally about. But where is the interaction in *tachiste* and suchlike painting? Mr. Robert Melville has lately suggested (in *Ark*, No. 18) that good *tachiste* painting presents an illusion of space and light as any other good painting does. And it would certainly be possible to justify one's liking for the Hiltons and the Moynihans (especially the Moynihans) by referring to the very beautiful way in which they create space and light. But the paintings by Aimone at the Marlborough also create space and light in a beautiful way, only that is all they do and it is not enough. And on the other hand a painter like Mathieu does not create them, as Mr. Melville himself says, and I for my part find Mathieu a very authentic, if flashy, painter. The "other" thing that Mathieu's paintings embody and evoke is no more than the gestures that went to paint them, and this reference back to his gestures makes them as exciting as an illusion of space and light, though almost all other action painting and *tachisme* which evokes nothing more than the artist's gestures (and of course much painting of this kind doesn't even evoke this much) is nauseatingly boring.

It therefore seems to me that the only thing that makes some abstract painting better, much better, than the rest is that it means something outside itself whose value is not determined by the kind of thing it is but only by the conviction it carries, its power to impress upon us that there is something there that matters. But something *there*, in the painting. If this is true, then abstract painting is not evaluated, in the last resort, any differently from other painting. The only difference is that it is even more difficult than with other painting to give reasons.

But if conviction in a work is the one thing needed to inspire the spectator's conviction in the work, it doesn't follow that the spectator will recognise conviction when he sees it. At the Redfern, the good things, it seems to me, stick out a mile. But not at the Royal Academy. It seems unlikely that there is almost nothing there which might convince, more probable that the context dims conviction. Is it fortuitous that the works which impress most—paintings by Lowry, Fitton, Weight, Spear, Bratby and the Spencers—all have some element of Anglo-Saxon eccentricity or whimsy? One senses that there are "straight" paintings on view which are just as good, but one isn't sure, because so many might be better than they look. In order to know, one would have to see them hung with much more space around them and much less above them. The odder works survive the way they are shown because their eccentricity insulates them from their surroundings. But any more orthodox painter with serious pretensions who shows at the Academy seems to me to be doing his pictures a disservice. If the Academy were to modernise its galleries and cut down the number of exhibits, it would be another matter. But if it did it would no longer be the Academy, where the pictures that look at home are those which are in tune with the regular visitors to the private view—a solid body of establishment representatives peppered with a few eccentrics.

DAVID SYLVESTER


**LEARNING ON THE LOAF**

SCIENCE has recently been doing some searching research into our daily bread. The conclusion is, in lay terms, that bread is an excellent food in itself. It could give us as much as three quarters of all the energy we—and our irrepressible children—burn up in an average hectic day.[1] But bread is much more than an energy-giver. It provides body-building protein, and essential vitamins and minerals too.[2]

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1. *Medical Research Council Special Report Series No. 287, published by H.M.S.O. 1954.*
2. *All flour must contain—per 100 grams of flour:* Iron—*not less than 1.65 milligrams.* Vitamin $B_1$—*not less than 0.24 milligrams.* Nicotinic acid—*not less than 1.60 milligrams.*
3. *Report of the Panel on Composition and Nutritive Value of Flour, published by H.M.S.O. 1956.*

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## The Bold Bad Baron

MY "local" is the Biograph, Victoria, and it excels in double programmes of gangsters, Westerns, vices, and horrors. It doesn't, I think, mix them. Its audience likes second helpings; and passing the other week, I saw that the *plat du jour* was *Frankenstein* and *Dracula's Daughter*. Didn't know there *was* a daughter. Who was the second Countess? Had she consented to join him in that narrow coffin where he spent his days? Did they crawl up and down walls together? Had the daughter inherited this gift, or—as I suspect—been sent off to Roedean? If I'd had the time I might have found out; but duty—in fact, another film—called. One gets left behind. When finally one goes to *Dracula's Granddaughter*, one is out of date, lost. However, she will probably marry Frankenstein's grandson, and I'm keeping a close watch on that side.

*The Curse of Frankenstein* (Warner's) doesn't help much. It marks time. Surely about the Baron himself we know already? Do we have to be told and told? Apparently so—now in the English way (since, after all, the first news of him came from an English source). It seems that the Baron and his bride-to-be were thoroughly English; "Pass the marmalade," he says at breakfast with a satisfied smile; and no wonder, because the previous shot has shown us ghastly awakenings in his experiments upstairs. In fact, I remember now that his Creature had just killed the housemaid, with whom he—the Baron, not the Creature—had been carrying on a most thriving affair at the servants' entrance to the hall.

One of the fascinating things about these H households is the domestic arrangements. Dracula, you may remember, did all his own housework, hindered rather than helped by three starving female vampires. In the case of Frankenstein, there is one pretty maid, who does all the chores, cooks dinner, serves it, clears it away, and then comes up fresh for the affair with the master. We are shocked to find him getting rid of this treasure; obviously she could have brought up a child too (the only fly in the ointment), with the greatest of ease. However, the Creature also must have his fun, so he gets poor Justine to batter.

The Creature, according to this version, was compounded of a highwayman's body, a sculptor's hands, and the eyes of a famous scientist who incautiously came to dinner. Frankenstein's trick of pushing him against a previously loosened part of the banister seems to have escaped the local police; in fact, everything escapes the local police. At one moment the Creature is being brought to life; then he gets loose and there's a hunt; he's shot; brought to life; escapes; and it starts all over again. But the police just don't care. And to tell the truth, we don't either, because this English *grand guignol* never grips, though I must admit it amuses more than it means, and has moments of chill fun: for example, when the Baron is gloating over a pair of eyeballs, and then drops them from the tweezers to go off to dinner. Also, it is a nice touch that when he needs a second hand to start off all the electrical apparatus in his laboratory, the thunderstorm outside should supply the ignition. I suppose that by the time *The Curse of Frankenstein* gets round to the Biograph (with *Was Hitler Born of Woman?*), everyone will be ready to shiver.

In an empty week, the Curzon offers *Typhoon Over Nagasaki*. This has nothing to do with the atom-bomb, but is one of those East-and-West love dramas that always end the same way: with fate claiming the loved Eastern one. It needs a typhoon in this case; otherwise, after endless harkings back to an old French love (Danielle Darrieux), Jean Marais might finally have gone Japanese. His excuse for it (Kishi Keiko) was certainly a charmer. The only difference between this Franco-Japanese film and others of the sort is that it has a lavish if superficial background; and our exploratory instincts are further touched by *Jungle Beyond*, travel snaps among the Chaco Indians.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

## The Resurrection Men

THE announcement that a commercial television programme company, Associated British Cinemas, has bought the TV rights of 25 films made by the late Sir Alexander Korda, mostly 15 or 20 years ago, illuminates some central problems of British television in general, at its present stage of development, and commercial television in particular.

Immediately the deal was announced, the cinema exhibitors' president, Mr. George Singleton, said that these old films had "exhausted their value as film entertainment" (which would suggest that, at more than £50,000, they were an expensive buy). The exhibitors are naturally anxious that people should go out rather than sit at home to see films, and Mr. Singleton's denigration was, perhaps, overstated. Many middle-aged and elderly viewers will be glad to revive their memories of *The Ghost Goes West* and *The Private Life of Henry VIII*. Some old films wear well, as the Everyman Theatre and the National Film Theatre constantly remind us. Artistically, Korda's big films were not the most important films ever made, but they were of a certain quality, and I should be surprised if Mr. Singleton's further comment—"perhaps the public will now appreciate how good modern films are, after watching 25 weeks of these old ones"—were proved correct; the opposite might be true.

Nevertheless, the audiences for Everyman and other film revivals are a small minority of the total cinema audiences. Such a policy would hardly pay a great cinema circuit (or ABC itself, which owns about 80 London cinemas, might have tried it). The TV company, always seeking, as it must, to hold a maximum audience, presumably expects to appeal not only to older viewers but to young

viewers who have never seen these films before; its best hope of doing so may lie in the fact that some of the Korda stars, such as the Oliviers, Rex Harrison, and Merle Oberon, are still widely popular. Moreover, these films are already being shown successfully on American TV, and the taste of British viewers seems to approximate increasingly to that of Americans.

The films are to be shown, uncut, on 25 successive Saturday nights, starting in September, from 10 p.m. until midnight. They might well attract quite a few viewers from the BBC channel, especially since BBC programmes end at about 11 p.m., and the last half-hour or so of them is not usually of the widest mass-appeal. Will the BBC—which bid for some of the Korda films but was outbid by ABC—take up this challenge? An extra hour's television every week would cost £150,000 a year and the BBC cannot recover any of this, as the commercial companies can, from advertisers. To extend programmes until midnight need not, however, mean an absolute extra hour; it could be done by rearrangement, by starting later on Saturday or Sunday afternoon. (Of the 50 hours a week to which both the BBC and the ITA are limited by the Postmaster-General, only 15 may be used for week-end programmes.) The BBC's present view is that this would be unfair to afternoon viewers who may not want to sit up late.

But the BBC has not so far at any point yielded passively to its competitors. When these forced the ending of the 6-7 p.m. "toddlers' truce," the BBC devised programmes which not only fill that hour but attract many "natural" ITV viewers (e.g., the Saturday *Six-five Special*, with its *mélange* of skiffle and sport). It might be contrary to the Corporation's ethos to continue light TV entertainment after midnight on Saturday and into Sunday morning; but, if the Korda series looks like being really as popular as the commercial people hope, I shall be surprised if BBC Saturday night programmes are not kept going until, say, 11.30 and are not "strengthened" (in the popular sense) to fight the competition.

The competitors themselves are confident that the advertisers will support this venture. In any case, ABC (which provides week-end programmes in the Midlands and the north) will get back part of its £50,000 by networking the Korda films to Associated TeleVision in London.

The most serious aspect of this project, however, is its artistic aspect. I have often discussed the respective merits of live and of film TV; but at least, when that controversy is aired, we are usually talking about material filmed specially for television. There are occasional legitimate exceptions to the rule (*On Our Merry Way* was one); but it is a retrograde step to rely at all substantially, in programme-building, on films made for the cinema. To pay this large sum for 25 old movie films, and to feature them so prominently for 25 week-ends running, is to confess, or to imply, that there is a serious shortage of suitable live, or specially filmed, TV material; and this suggestion is surely insulting to hundreds of gifted producers, writers and performers. I am not surprised that the Radio and Television Safeguards Committee, on which the various trade unions and professional organisations are represented, reacted sharply to the announcement of this deal. Their primary concern must be to safeguard the livelihood of their members; but their opposition is not an anti-social "restrictive practice." It is the programme-planners who are restricting the development of talent. Television as an art-form is still adolescent; many people think that it has still to prove that it is a true art-form at all. It will never do so, and never grow up, if the creative people in it are not given the fullest freedom of experiment and maximum time on the screen.

As I reported recently, the Russians do not yet fully accept this principle, and show large numbers of cinema films in their TV programmes. Indeed, one of the men mainly responsible for Soviet programmes told me in Moscow that they were short of British cinema films of the 1930s

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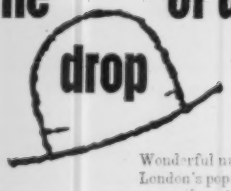

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and '40s and were most anxious to get as many of them as they could. I don't know how much sterling they have to spare for such imports, but if Mr. Howard Thomas, of ABC, wants to accumulate a few roubles (or to swap some Kordas for some Eisensteins), this is his chance.

TOM DRIBERG

**"Janus", at the Aldwych**

Every June for seven years a shipowner's wife and a heavily married schoolteacher have quietly arrived in New York, removed the dust sheets and opened the shutters in their connecting apartments and, assuming their nom-de-plume "Janus," have settled down for two months to write another of their best selling lusty, busty, historical novels. One thing leads to another, however, and in this case they have taken to dabbling in adultery. The arrival of the unsuspecting husband followed by an extremely inquisitive special agent of the internal revenue (very nicely played by Mr. Gerald Cross) provides the play with just enough meat for it to stagger to its last curtain. Miss Googie Withers gets more laughs than the author could have dared hope for, as she packs all her experience and charm into a part which doesn't deserve them. Mr. Peter Sallis, the other half of Janus, hits just the right note as a sentimental egghead and Miss Barbara Couper as Addie, their agent, is as one character remarks, "the sort of woman who gives spinsters a bad name." Mr. John McCallum, an English gentleman if ever there was one, is the only member of the cast to attempt to appear American. His performance might be less laborious if he didn't.

J. A. L.

# Correspondence

## THE CASEMENT DIARIES

SIR,—As a grandson of the late Sir Basil Thomson who is also a regular reader of the NEW STATESMAN, I have read with interest Letitia Fairfield's review of the latest fulminations of Alfred Noyes.

On the question of the authenticity of the Casement diaries she is very sound. Mr. Montgomery Hyde's recent revelations have in any case put an end, in the minds of impartial people, to any suspicion that the diaries were forged—by my grandfather or anyone else. On the quite separate question of the use made of the diaries to alienate American sympathy from Casement, Dr. Fairfield speaks of the "highly contemptible story of malice and muddle in the use made of the diaries by the heads of the secret services, Basil Thomson, Admiral Hall and the Attorney-General F. E. Smith." That use was made of the diaries to discredit Casement is undeniable. It is also undeniable that my grandfather initiated this policy, for he wrote in his own diary for April 23, 1916, published 21 years later in *The Scene Changes*, that he had one or two of the obscene passages photographed and sent over to the American ambassador—who forwarded them to Washington. As to whether or not such use of the diaries is a "highly contemptible story," opinions will differ. My grandfather was obviously not in the least ashamed of having used the diaries in this way, or he would not have published this passage from his own diary. Moreover, it is clear that, though the use of the diaries was started by my grandfather, the policy was endorsed by the Cabinet of the day, and also by the Monarch, and I believe also by the then Archbishop of Canterbury.

As regards motive, you wrote in your previous issue that the diary "was used to stifle support for an appeal for clemency" on behalf of Casement. Ensuring that Casement should swing (he was hanged, not shot) may for all I know have been the main motive of some of those who used the diaries. But as regards my grandfather's motive for sending a photograph of obscene passages to the American ambassador on the day Casement was brought to London—weeks before the trial—it is clear that he was not so much concerned with Casement's fate (he was, in point of fact, opposed to capital punishment for murderers, though possibly not for traitors) as with the use which he feared might be made by the Irish-Americans of Casement's arrest and trial as a means of stirring up anti-British feeling in America. The name of a recently deceased Senator may serve as a reminder that the Irish-Americans have often been a baneful influence in American politics. Casement's diaries offered a means of countering that influence—and was evidently seized on as such by public servants and Cabinet ministers of the day.

I might add that, in his description of Casement in *Queer People*, my grandfather, though commenting on his vanity and tendency to exaggerate, was not altogether ungenerous towards him. "I have read many of his early letters," he wrote: "they are full of high ideals that ring quite true, and his sympathy with the down-trodden and his indignation against injustice were instinctive. . . . He was excellent company, and his colleagues were always glad to see him. . . . He was a good pioneer, a great walker, indifferent of his appearance and dress, and to the hardships he underwent when travelling on duty."

28 Clareville Street, S.W.7. NIGEL SEYMER

SIR,—Dr. Fairfield writes as an expert because she has read two typewritten copies of Roger Casement's alleged diary or diaries. These copies she thinks "authentic" as they correspond with the "description" Eamonn Duggan is said to have given of the original, which, it is said, was shown to him in 1921. Surely the question is—are the originals authentic?

"How he escaped detection is a mystery but—" she holds that he practised perversion and inversion in Ireland where he lived in the limelight when all John Redmond's 82 M.P.s—except Larry Ginnell—were waiting to turn the spit.

The posthumous charges of perversion and inversion seem less mean to her than the denial of a decent lunch—a very peculiar appraisal.

Finally, she asks in naive bewilderment: "What theory is left?" She forgets the stories of the breasts sliced off in Belgium, of the corpse factories and of the angels at Mons.

But saint or sinner, Ruadiri Mac Easmuinn is one of "the dead who died for Ireland"—and the kindly British people deserved better spokesmen than Lord Birkenhead and Sir Basil Thomson.

1 Oakington Avenue, Harrow. J. J. MACSORLEY

## THE DILEMMA OF THE DOCTORS

SIR,—It is interesting to see in your article "The Dilemma of the Doctors" (May 4, 1957) how the class-conscious bias of the Socialist can lead to such distortion of facts as the writer of the article permits himself.

Let me note just two points: (1) He says "Doctors enjoy substantial indirect benefits in the form of subsidies for such 'practice expenses' as their cars, houses, telephones, secretaries, even their gardens." It is news to me that legitimate allowance on income tax for practice expenses reckoned as equal to about a third of the doctor's gross remuneration is what is commonly known as a *subsidy*. In that case, all members of the community, including politicians and journalists who claim an allowance for expenses when making income tax returns, are equally subsidised.

(2) He compares Professor Hill's figure, five, of the number of attentions to panel patients (1937) with that in relation to males, age 16 to 64 (government social survey 1949-50) "only 3½," and suggests the doctors do less work now—or so the casual reader would infer. But obviously males 16-64 are the healthiest and least doctor-demanding members of the community: include the women, now so increasedly involved in industry, and you will find a different figure, nearer six than five.

He gives himself away when he sneers at the doctors as a privileged class—holding a monopoly. Any privileges they have are those of unselfish service, and any monopoly that of skill and knowledge acquired over some seven years rigorous apprenticeship to an exacting profession.

115 Corporation Road, Cardiff. CECIL GILL

## THE CHANGING FACE OF PUBLISHING

SIR,—Your excellent supplement contained no references to the activities of educational publishers. Yet the growth of the school market has led to spectacular developments affecting publishers, booksellers and authors alike. More and more general publishers have entered this highly competitive and specialised field since the war. High standards of production, relatively low prices, and the enormous growth of the overseas market (Ghana has just spent £100,000 on school books published in England) are important factors which have contributed to the changing face of publishing. The position of the large contractor *vis à vis* the bookseller has been, and is, particularly interesting in view of the Hertfordshire requisition scheme and its probable extension among other local authorities. Authors often find it difficult to obtain a royalty contract as the custom of outright payments is more widespread than elsewhere. Educational publishers, on the other hand, tend to complain that some authors exercise far too much "freedom" by writing for a number of firms, and would like to obtain exclusive rights over authors. However, last week, one well-known post-war author reached a sales figure of over one million textbooks sold by only one of his publishers.

I do not think that a supplement on the changing face of publishing can be comprehensive unless it takes into account and analyses these and many other aspects of educational publishing since the war.

55 Queen Anne Street, W.1. ROY YGLESIAS

## T.A.N.U.

SIR,—May I be given the opportunity to comment on the views expressed by your local correspondent in your issue of April 20, 1957, on the subject of the Tanganyika African National Union and to point out one or two instances in which there seems to be some misunderstanding?

Your correspondent states that the Tanganyika African National Union is a very moderate organisation, but I submit that it would be more accurate to say that it professes moderation. In fact, recently it has been necessary for government to close three of the branches of the Union for attempting to undermine the authority of the local chiefs and their representatives and general efforts to disrupt the good government of the areas concerned. These are the results of the "moderate" policy of the Union as seen in the field amongst people who have little or no understanding of the ways of politicians, and who are easily led to believe and hope that self-government implies the immediate removal of any sort of authority.

With regard to the holding of public meetings it must be understood that Mr. Nyerere was given permission to hold an open-air meeting at Dar es Salaam on January 27, 1957, and also a second meeting at Moshi on Febuary 3. His speeches at both places included passages which could well have aggravated race relations and could well cause breaches of the peace. Accordingly government withdrew permission for him personally to address public meetings. But he has not been prevented from addressing meetings attended by members of his organisation and the government has not prohibited the distribution of the regular T.A.N.U. broadsheets. Following the ban on Mr. Nyerere speaking in public, one site in Dar es Salaam was closed to any public meeting whatsoever in the interests of public safety. The second site applied for by the Union was a football stadium, but permission was refused by the football club and not government. It would appear that your correspondent has been further misinformed, as government did not offer the Union the use of a stretch of mud and marsh.

Your correspondent's statement, "There is no doubt that the mass of the Africans are behind the Union," shows quite clearly that he is labouring under a very grave misapprehension. In fact, T.A.N.U. claims some 100,000 members which, if this figure is true, constitutes only about 2½ per cent. of the adult African population of the Territory. (It is worthy of note that even Mr. Nyerere himself has admitted that in Dar es Salaam—one of the strongholds of the Union—by no means all registered members pay regular subscriptions.)

A study of events in Tanganyika over the last few years will show that substantial constitutional progress has been achieved, and further reforms are planned. These facts clearly refute your correspondent's implication that nothing is being done in the field of "political change." It must be made quite clear that this government is not hostile to political parties. On the contrary, it welcomes their development as a step towards the establishment of a sound democratic form of government for the future, but it does and will continue to be hostile to those who either themselves break the law or who incite others to do so.

In conclusion, I would like to correct the misleading statement that government "represents 2,500 whites." Europeans in Tanganyika number some 25,000 and, as is the case with the African and Asian communities, are represented on Legislative Council. There is, of course, no question of government's "representing" any single racial group.

K. B. A. DOBSON,
Director of Public Relations

Dar es Salaam,
Tanganyika.

[We regret the misprint which turned "25,000" whites into "2,500."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

## THE COMMUNIST PARTY

SIR,—As predicted, the "bureaucrats of King Street" have had their tub-thumping and the saved are still in, and all those "bad" Communists, of 20 years standing some of them, are out; and ex-Communists like myself are now becoming two a penny. Mr. Gollan says the capitalist press wouldn't make so much fuss about Communists if they weren't important—and it's about the only thing he said that made much sense—though not as he meant it. Communism as a force, is one to be reckoned with, and the British press does well to pay some attention to it. But the British C.P. is another matter. What it fails to understand is that we have *had* our revolution here, that of changing from agrarianism to industrialism, and it's no use sitting around waiting for another. All these revolutions—the French, the Russian and the Chinese—have been simply that. Each one has had different characteristics according to the country, and each one different slogans, until we got to "Scientific Socialism", which has gripped men's minds more rigidly than ever did "Liberty, Fraternity and Equality." This in my opinion is where the real struggle now lies. The Soviet Union has accomplished much, over perhaps as many dead bodies as capitalism (it serves little purpose to start counting them up, or to worry about the motives Stalin had—it matters little to the dead what motives his were, and the living can do something about it). The fact remains that so long as there is a strong left-wing movement within it to fight, capitalism has fed its workers as well, if not better than the Soviet Union. Neither side is averse to killing and imprisoning political opponents. What does one do then? It seems to me to understand the fight in one's own country might be the first thing; and with everyone having "The Bomb" it gets more clear every day that everyone is having second thoughts about war. Man *is*, for the first time almost universally coming to conscious thoughts and decisions as Mankind. And, Mr. Gollan, this is as true of Britain and America as it is of Russia. The British C.P. is so fossilised, and means so little to the British working classes, that it will eventually be kicked in the pants by the Soviet Union as not being worth a row of beans. My salute to Hyman Levy and Christopher Hill, brave men fighting *evil* men.

140 Grand Drive, JANE SWINERTON
Herne Bay, Kent.

## BATTLE FOR THE MIND

SIR,—I feel compelled to correct one false statement in Mr. Pritchett's otherwise admirable review of Dr. Sargant's *Battle for the Mind*. Mr. Pritchett, in referring to the technique of brain-washing, writes as follows: "Once in contact with his master the subject's chances are humiliatingly small; indeed the most likely to survive are the mad or seriously abnormal. The first to fall is the 'ordinary' man,


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and especially the extravert, already willingly conditioned by society."

The implication of this statement is that the extravert is a person who conditions readily. This is not correct, as has been demonstrated in our Conditioning Laboratory at Maudsley Hospital. On the contrary, it is the introvert who conditions readily, and the extravert who conditions poorly. Not only is the extravert—be he normal or neurotic—poor at forming conditioned responses, he is also very prone to lose these conditioned responses once formed. Indeed, this accounts for the relatively uninhibited behaviour of the extravert in society—he does not easily form those conditioned responses which restrict the introvert in his relationships with others. However, there is no space here to elaborate this argument and its consequences, except to comment that the question of being "ordinary" or "mad or seriously abnormal" (to quote Mr. Pritchett once more) is irrelevant to the ease or difficulty of the formation and extinction of conditioned responses.

Had our recent television feature, based on Dr. Sargant's book, been broadcast under the auspices of a visual equivalent of the Third Programme, I should have been able to discuss the consequences of the above findings in terms of the individual's susceptibility to any form of "brain-washing." For example, it follows that it would probably be easier to extinguish the old conditioned patterns of behaviour (i.e., the old way of life and of thinking) in the extravert, but at the same time it would be more difficult to build in (or condition) the desired new pattern with any degree of strength or permanence.

Of course, since it has also been demonstrated that certain well-known drugs can facilitate conditioning whereas other drugs can make this process almost impossible, the really skilled brain-washer would overcome the above difficulty by a judicious application of the principles of pharmacology and conditioned response theory.

CYRIL M. FRANKS,
Lecturer in Psychology, University of London,
Institute of Psychiatry.

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## BIG PAPERS

SIR,—May I support Mr. Francis Williams' contention that "it is not yet proved that all readers, as a matter of course, welcome more and more pages"? There must be a pretty substantial number who prefer their newspapers to be sufficient unto the day and no larger. When the *Observer* exceeds 16 pages I am depressed and frustrated by the necessity either to skim it or to leave half unread. No use holding it over until Monday; between Monday's chores there will be Monday's paper to get through. When the *Times Literary Supplement* make me a present of a 30-50-page addition on some special subject, I put the additional matter aside with a prayer that some day there may be World and Time enough. Vain hope, for in the meantime my NEW STATESMAN has come out with a Wine or a Foreign Travel supplement so engagingly written that, although I know nothing of wine and have ceased to travel abroad, I simply cannot afford to miss those lively pages.

Who, in the name of good fortune, are the people who have leisure for reading the monstrous newspapers that threaten us? I should like to know.

Sawtrey, R. BATES
Ambleside.

## LUCKY JIM AND JIMMY PORTER

SIR,—Geoffrey Gorer's article on hypergamy seems to me to illustrate the perils of being led by a sociological approach into taking a satire with obvious moral and political implications for a treatise on mass-psychology—a convenient error, since once it is made morals and politics fly out of the window while comfortable academic discussion comes in at the door. *Lucky Jim* is not about hypergamy at all (Margaret is a plain neurotic, not a class one, and Christine is highly class-connected); *That Uncertain Feeling* is only partly about it. And neither book has the object merely of retailing (quite dispassionately, Mr. Gorer would have us assume) "the tragically comic results" of inter-class relationships. Sex is, in fact, the device Mr. Amis uses to bring his middle classes and his grammar school boys into postures with enough dramatic tension in them to give point to his books' main purpose—criticism of the flatulent, the complacent, the self-centred in middle-class intellectual life. This criticism, it so happens, involves by way of dramatic framework that the Dixons and Lewises who do the (largely unconscious) exposing of middle-class vices should have a working-class background and thus be fruitfully half-in and half-outside the circles which the author is out to knife (Stendhal uses Julien Sorel, in his similar class-circumstances, for a similar purpose).

What are the vices in question? Surely not, as Mr. Gorer would have us suppose, helping with the washing up. One of them, I think, is that of making culture an instrument of social ambition (this is not, contrary to popular sociological superstition, a forte of Amis heroes, but of his villains). It is the painting Bertrands, the recorder-playing Welches, the portentous provincial poets and the intolerably dull teachers (we all know a few), that Amis wishes to expose; those who are in the "arty" world, not innocently, like Dixon, in order to eat, but because it swells their self-esteem to be there. Neither Amis nor his heroes are anti-culture, as some have supposed: they are against those who are never moved, hurt or worried in the least by anything they read on a page or see on canvas or a screen, but who wear their artiness like a school tie to announce their social status, or to mark them off from the herd and its sorrows behind the quasi-moral barrier of "understanding the good things of life."

This is what makes Amis' heroes "defiant," and it is what makes me, with my funny working-class regard for intellectual integrity, heartily detest anyone who, like Mr. Gorer, attempts to take the sting out of Amis' all-too-just portrait of his class by reducing it (with the most delicate breath of class contempt) to an analysis of the love-life of red-brick graduates.

BERNARD HARRISON
36 Mayfield Road,
Moseley, Birmingham, 13.

## GOETHE AND FAUST

SIR,—In his review of *Letters by Goethe* in your issue of April 27, Mr. Edwin Muir writes that Goethe "doubts whether *Faust* will survive." He has evidently been misled by a fault in the translation. The passage in question—it is from the last letter Goethe wrote—is quoted by him as follows: "It [*Faust*] would be driven like a wrack on the shore and lie there, gradually covered by the sands of time." Here the vital word *zunächst* has been overlooked or else mistranslated as "gradually." In its context it can only mean "for the time being." What Goethe is saying is that, if he published *Faust II* now, it would not be well received and had better wait. To the best of my knowledge he was always confident that his work would be considered important. Only he didn't trust his contemporaries.

University of Toronto. BARKER FAIRLEY

## DANGEROUS ESTATE

SIR,—I know you will wish to correct the statement in "London Diary" recently that no London morning paper, except *The Times*, mentioned Mr. Francis Williams' important book on the press—*Dangerous Estate*.

In fact the *Daily Worker* published a full-length 800-word review on March 7, during the week of the book's publication, by Mr. Allen Hutt.

Books Editor, STANLEY HARRISON
*Daily Worker*.

## THE ENTERTAINER

SIR,—Since bouquets to *The Entertainer* are still in order, may I pay tribute to an impeccable performance in a supporting role which no critic has hitherto appreciated? I mean the contribution made by the audience which "plays opposite" Archie Rice. For if *Look Back in Anger* was about uncivilised relations between men and women, *The Entertainer* is surely about uncivilised relations between actor and audience.

I am still not sure how we were induced to play the part written for us—to emit that deadly sound of luke-warm laughter, willing but uncertain, which gave the cue for Archie's ironic impromptu about bringing the roof down and gave point to the venom behind his surface heartiness. Pretty flat it would all have fallen if we *had* been bringing the roof down, wouldn't it? We were putty in somebody's hands, I suppose. Perhaps Sir Laurence, weary of the easy victory of educing wholehearted responses (as he does so effortlessly in the domestic scenes), enjoyed the rarer challenge of playing for a divided one. Maybe John Osborne knew just how much corn and bawdy he could include and be sure that the guffaws of the randy and the distaste of the squeamish would both be tempered and confused by reverence for the leading player.

Coming out, I heard one young man countering loud praises of the acting with a persistent unanswered query: "But did you *enjoy* it?" Enjoy? It was the most uncomfortable play I have ever stood through. However, I have a suggestion which should make it more bearable for future audiences—it is that when the play ends, the cast should applaud the audience for standing up to its manhandling so creditably; and the audience should then bow, as deeply as the seating arrangements permit, to the actors.

Aberdare. ELAINE MORGAN

## THE EAST SECTOR

SIR,—Recently, Critic, in "A German Diary," stated that unless one lived in the east sector of Berlin, shopkeepers (except booksellers) could not serve one. Nevertheless, in the course of a stay in West Berlin last month, I crossed over into the east sector and, by showing a British passport was able to buy beer, cigarettes, food, cinema tickets and a tie (10d)—not without pride, I must confess, since this is the first time that "We Ernest Bevin . . ." has ever really done anything.

CHRISTOPHER LAMBERT.
Trinity College,
Oxford.

*BOOKS IN GENERAL*

# Old Father Antick

THE Elizabethan age is the most strutting in English history—an energetic, pushing society, life-loving, death-staring, aggressive, greedy, resplendently ostentatious, faking its pedigrees and turning the altars of its parish churches into tombstones for its great new men. "They talked slowly," remarked Desmond MacCarthy, "were intolerably affected, wore gorgeous clothes, kissed each other in public, had no idea of privacy, swaggered and posed and read their sonnets to whoever sat next to them." They laughed, wrote Sir Philip Sidney, at deformed creatures; believed, with Bacon, that "all rising to great place is by a winding stair"; knew that "the wrath of the prince is death." Harsh in the schoolroom and spendthrift in the home, theirs is an age of place-seekers and monopolies and lawsuits. "Englishmen," Sir John Neale tells us, "indulged in pleasures as if they were to die tomorrow, and built as if they were to live for ever . . . they lived on the edge of bankruptcy and in the pursuit of heiresses, so that in Elizabethan society a rich widow could marry and marry again to the margin of satiety and the brink of the grave." It was pre-eminently the golden age of lawyers. The Elizabethans played their great game through the "rusty curb of Old Father Antick the Law."

"Law makes long spokes of the short stakes of men." William Empson's Shakespearean line is the perfect epigraph for Miss Drinker Bowen's heroic life of Sir Edward Coke*, "Kuke" of Norfolk, Coke upon Littleton, "*Pater Patriae*," "*Monarcha Juris*," Father of the Common Law, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, of the Common Pleas, Privy Councillor, Attorney-General to Queen Elizabeth, the seventh pillar of British History and, to quote Sir Winston Churchill, "one of the most learned of English judges." I say "heroic" advisedly. Miss Bowen, an American scholar, previously known for a rather trivial and be-glamourised biography of Mr. Justice Holmes entitled *A Yankee on Olympus*, has here risen to the measure of her subject. Her book is obviously the result of years of research and concentrated historical imagination. Like Chamberlain, the period letter-writer whom she so often quotes, she is never "cloyed with particulars." She has not only assimilated a vast heap of material, but she has made a wonderfully dramatic narrative of the whole, carrying us from one grim scene to another, to and from Whitehall to the Tower by water, out to Gorhamsbury or Royston in a coach, to Bath in a litter, to the North on horseback. The result is one of the most vivid portrayals of the period that I have ever read—a kind of enlarged *Elizabeth and Essex* written by a scholar whose mind plays over the whole scene. The barbarous Norman French, the Ciceronian bog-Latin, the addled account-books, the scratchy law reports—they all come alive under her hand. The attendant figures—Elizabeth, Essex, Robert Cecil, Coke's second wife, the termagant Lady Hatton, and his eternal rival, Francis Bacon—are all beautifully handled. Only Coke himself remains impassable. Coifed, gowned in purple, the aspiring Inns of Court man, orgiastic in the manner of his times, he stands before us, portentously professional, the image of the upright judge in Israel, Old Father Antick to the life.

Though historians (and lawyers also) may cavil at the dramatisation of Miss Bowen's book, her high-mettled, high-flown style appears to be well substantiated by her scholarship. "My aim," she writes,

> is introduction, evocation. I hope my book will recall a great man long forgotten. This biography is written as narrative, not as exposition. But no phrase or sentence, taken from diary or letter, has been transposed for conversation.

For the whole of its 530 pages, her book keeps up a sustained and clangorous din, like the noise of convicts tapping on prison pipes before a hanging. In her very first chapter she carries us right into the roaring heart of Westminster Hall, with its three courts—King's Bench, Common Pleas ("the pillow on which the attorney doth rest his head") and Chancery—in simultaneous and tumultuous session.

One by one the victims—Essex, Raleigh, Guido Fawkes, Father Garnett, the Earl of Somerset—are trapped and snared, examined, arraigned by Coke ("Thou art a monster! Thou hast an English face but a Spanish heart" . . . "You incited the Lord Cobham . . ." "Thou Viper, I *thou* thee! I will prove thee the rankest traitor in all England") and bloodily dispatched. "Equity must proceed from the King," remarks Chief Justice Popham blandly to Raleigh, "you can only receive justice from us." And years later, another Chief Justice tells him: "You have lived like a star, and like a star you must fall when it troubles the firmament." Meanwhile, as a background, there is the eternal babel of barristers telling the tale: "Equity is a roguish thing"; "Common Law prefers arable land before all others"; "The King's evidence ought not to be broken or dismembered"; "those two great pronouns *meum* and *tuum*." "One Elster, a minister, for forging six passports," is sentenced "to be whopte in Wiltshire"; a false pursuivant named Johnson "*done luy* [some guileless Mayor] *blowe del eare*."

Miss Bowen gives us an excellent prospectus of her hero in her Preface. "He lived," she writes,

> from 1552 to 1634—a long span, a wide arc of time; with him the Middle Ages ended and today began. Coke was English law personified. "And when the common law took flesh," says Maitland; "that wonderful Edward Coke was loose." The volumes that Coke wrote—*Reports* and *Institutes, Commentary upon Littleton*, remained for nearly three centuries the backbone of legal studies in England and America. Such a life is looked on as quiet, philosophic. Coke's life was no more retired than a buccaneer's. . . . (By the time he reached middle life, Sir Edward had acquired so much land that even the King began to fear the extent of these manorial holdings.) Coke was, above all, a fighter, a born advocate who loved to feel the courtroom floor beneath his feet. Raucous, witty, ruthless, he made puns on prisoners' names, cracked broad jokes in Latin and . . . lashed out in bitter, shocking invective.

Coke's legal life falls naturally into two halves. There is the ugly period as Attorney-General during which he devilled and be-devilled for Elizabeth and James I, straining the law, in compliance with the Privy Council, the judges and the rest of the Protestant Establishment, in a cruel but necessary attempt to safeguard the country's liberties. Coke's second career was another matter entirely. "As judge and Leader of the Commons," Miss Bowen writes, "Coke risked his life for the very principles that he seems at first to have betrayed: a prisoner's right to public trial and the writ of *Habeas corpus*, a man's right not to be gaoled without cause shown, his right against self-incrimination in a court of law." As Sir Winston, well briefed as ever, declares in the second volume of his history:

> At this point the Common Lawyers, headed by Chief Justice Coke, stepped to the forefront of English history. . . . He declared that conflicts between Prerogative and statute should be resolved not by the Crown but by the judges. It was a tremendous assertion, for if the judges were to decide which laws were valid and which were not they would become the ultimate lawgivers in the State. They would form a Supreme Court, assessing the legality of both royal and Parliamentary enactments. Coke's high claims were not without foundation. They rested on the ancient tradition that law declared in the courts was superior to law published by the central authority. Coke himself was reluctant to admit that law could be made, or even changed. It existed already, merely awaiting revelation and exposition. If Acts of Parliament conflicted with it they were invalid. Thus at the beginning of his career Coke was not fighting on the same side as Parliament. In England his main assertions on behalf of fundamental law were overruled. It was to be otherwise in the United States.

For Coke, the Common Law was a high "mystirie," a vast repository ("*elephantinæ leges*") of statutes and precedents, only yielding their secrets after years of grinding application: "Knowledge of the law," he wrote, "is like a deep well, out of which each man draweth according to the strength of his understanding. He that reacheth deepest, he seeth the amiable and admirable secrets of the law." As Mr. Hugh Trevor-Roper has argued in these columns, Coke's ideal of the Common Law "divinely cast in the hearts of men and built on the irremoveable rock of reason", in fact constituted the great framework of the sixteenth-century ruling classes. Whatever the abuses of Chancery or the Royal prerogative, the common lawyers themselves were held to be "insatiable cannibals", agents and abettors of property in all its various guises—monopolies, patents, licences, double vouchers, recoveries and the rest—Bacon's "sowers of suits; which make the Court swell and the Country pine."

Coke's own inconsistency as a lawyer is staggering. Like a true Elizabethan, he wrote against torture in his *Institutes* but was ready enough to condone it in practice. ("Cecil, too, seems to have shared the proud illusion that torture was not used in England, though all London knew that Fawkes was so crippled from the rack

* *The Lion and the Throne*. By CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN. *Hamish Hamilton*. 42s.

he could not climb his own scaffold, knew also that Father Oldcorne's servant, Little John, had killed himself in his cell rather than face a second day of hanging by his thumbs.") As Miss Bowen sums up: "in truth it is not easy, even now, to pin Sir Edward Coke to theories beyond the theory that England is governed by the common law. If legal consistency is a virtue, Coke did not have it; in his reversal his greatness is contained and his life prior to 1607 seems but a preparation."

To the layman who has not read Coke's *Institutes*, and has barely digested Miss Bowen's book, Coke emerges as a stickler for custom and precedent, full of curious lore and medieval instances. He is the English beau ideal of a judge, eternally and testily opposed to his colleague and rival, the smooth and philosophic Bacon, as the gentle and idealistic German jurist portrayed in Trollope's novel, *Orley Farm*, is opposed to the popular conception of Lord Chief Justice Goddard. "Judges", wrote Bacon, the defaulting Lord Chancellor, in his essay *Of Judicature*, "ought to be more learned, than Wittie; More Reverend, than Plausible; And more Advised, than Confident. Above all Things, Integritie is their Portion, and Proper Vertue." It is a fair enough description of Coke.

Yet if I find Miss Bowen's portrait a sombre one, it is because I am out of sympathy with the *maiestas* of English law and the whole of our English legal scene generally. No body of men should, I believe, take themselves with such gruesome seriousness. The Law is the chief of those great public fictions by which the English live. Together with Snobbery and Money and Romanticism and the Monarchy, it provides that effectual substitute for religion which has been ripening in these islands since the Reformation. It is an integral part of our great national and secular design for living. The mysteries of the coif, the dreadful symbolism of Tyburn (see Coke's bloody analysis of it on page 224 of this book), is linked inseparably with the legend of the black cap and the foul conduct of Sir Roger Casement's accusers. Enclosing it all, over four centuries, is the ghoulish bonhomous camaraderie of the Bar—a camaraderie that Miss Bowen, across the years, salutes with a dreadful relish and acclaim again and again in this book. I suspect that Miss Bowen—it is her one blemish—has fallen in love with the English seventeenth century, our Cripplegates, Bear Gardens, and Fleet Ditches. Similarly, she has fallen in love with the English legal profession. It is a romantic and, since Miss Bowen is an American, an innocent attachment, and it has borne fruit in an excellent book. But the indigenous reader is without her excuses.

JOHN RAYMOND

# Birthday Poems for Edwin Muir

### Born 15 May 1887

#### THE DOUBLE SPAN

There are two perspectives. One
Travels back to your childhood where
The Orkney summer shimmered
All night and winters were rare
With your father's voice burning
With witches and strange learning.

That's the mortal span. Now Time,
Still your protagonist,
Bows you into the last room.
So gently a man or beast
May enter his heritage
Of wisdom and old age.

Yet three-score-and-ten's a trice
Beside the millenniums
Of voyaging you have known!
Centuries back there roams—
Always awaiting your word—
Man without liege or lord.

He's you and I, all of us
Who've run naked under the trees,
Hid from the howling dark;
Then covered our knobbly knees,
Built churches, argued the laws,
Betrayed each other in wars.

All this . . . till today I praise
Your vision, this double span,
And thank you who've lit the long
Passage of god and man:
The shouldering of the Cross,
Hölderlin lost in his loss.

J. C. HALL

#### ON THE PLAYGROUND

Having collected poets, like cigarette cards,
I am ready enough, now, on the noisy playground
To swap so many of my crumpled treasures for
Conkers, foreign stamps, a lucky penny.

So many of my best proved Cretan liars:
*"Observe my churlishness, it shows my heart":*
*"My poster-shriekings are a care for language":*
*"I fight on every side, and am sincere!"*

And the mere patience of your following
A dream's faint clue that, closed with, can convey
The winding clutch of labyrinth or coastline,
Your dogged life, that exercise in focus,

Seem dull enough to many. Why not crack up,
Yell, make faces, swagger like a wide boy?
Your stance has an archaic dignity:
What use, today, an art that distances?

Conscripted to this uncongenial century
For peasant and for philosophic virtues,
Sturdy, mild poet, it is your distinction
To wear dumb goodness as a speaking style.

We other learners, complicating surfaces,
Muff our responses. You ring baldly true.
May the bad dream, broken in the middle, not recur:
And may your autumn be relaxed and lucky!

G. S. FRASER

#### TRAVELLERS

Some travel to lose their way; the glib and loud,
Boasting their bag, experience, in miles and days.
From sea to sea they roar, from coast to coast,
From lover to lover.
All that they praise is their own bloodstream flowing,
All that they rage at the benzedrine of the blood,
Faster than mind, their zest and their undoing
Bored by the flora, they do not learn,
But alienate, lay waste what they discover,
Trapped in the machinations of their quest;
Can conquer but not colonize; roam but not explore.
Now climb a high peak, now dive deep for corals,
Now hunt a beast no living man has faced,
In the wrong season, with the wrong gun.
Brought close by chance to the one answering shore,
Hot hungry eyes they fix on it unseeing
While the ship moves on;
Remember no home and never return.

Another in the cabin's lamplight quietly
Construes the country where he has not been,
Waits for the envisaged bay to realize,
Easily lands and thinks his way
To a familiar city, pre-possessed.
All, all he recognizes; every tree's position,
The shapes of bridges, colour of local stone,
Moods of the sky and mode of each bird's flying.
From faces, gestures, words overheard retraces
The legend of his trials, his acquittals:
Reads how he was not wise nor brave
Till seven times shipwrecked, seven times saved,
And could not act and could not see
Till seven times blinded, seven times healed,
Battered into identity;
How still for Ithaca's sake he must revisit Troy
Till by the grace of Time, not voyaging, he'd laid those ghosts
And walked at peace through Babel's marketplace.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

# Calamitous and Deathly

**On the Poetry of Keats.** By E. C. PETTET. *Cambridge.* 35*s.*

A vast parasitic literature—abject stuff, most of it—has been chasing Keats's sources through Spenser, Burton, Browne (of Tavistock), Milton, Dryden, Chatterton, Thomson, Collins, Campbell, Byron, Scott, Wordsworth, Wieland, Beattie, Charlotte Smith, Mrs. Tighe, and many others of less resounding fame. Matthew Arnold posed the largest question of all in characteristic *ex cathedra* fashion: "he is with Shakespeare"; since when this subject has produced one book of imaginative parts (Murry's *Keats and Shakespeare*), one able documentation (Caroline Spurgeon's *Keats's Shakespeare*), and much silliness.

Mr. Pettet makes so big a bonfire of this dead wood that he nearly burns his own house down. His long—too long—section on *Endymion* attacks the tradition that expounds the poem as a neoplatonic allegory in which the soul of man (Endymion) pursues ideal beauty (Cynthia) and discovers it can't catch her except through love of a real woman (the Indian Maid). That's all nonsense, says Mr. Pettet; there's no such plan behind *Endymion*; in fact there's nothing much more systematic than Keats's erotic day-dreaming. And surely he is right. Endymion's successes—

> (just into the air
> Stretching his indolent arms, he took, O bliss!
> A naked waist)

compensate real-life failures; and Mr. Pettet might very well have noted, from the letters: "after all I do think better of Womankind than to suppose they care whether Mister John Keats five feet high likes them or not."

In another chapter on *La Belle Dame* and the Fatal Woman theme he confounds the source-hunters and shows that there is no need to dig deeper than the Fanny Brawne letters to uncover the roots of Keats's apprehension of sex as calamitous and deathly. Here again a good argument is dulled by over-elaboration: Mr. Pettet is much too ready to hold the ring while earlier critics—often less intelligent than he is—brawl with each other through his book. There is also a dreariness about his own general pronouncements that contrasts oddly with the quality of his detailed work. You would never suspect from "this verdant world that Keats's poetry evokes is a cool, murmuring one of springs and fountains, brooks and rivers, pools and lakes" that he had anything original to say. Slack thinking and

writing are part of the trouble: he states five times within a few pages that Keats's assimilation of his sources was a subconscious business. This makes sad reading, and in any case dogmatic assertions about "a creative process that must have been effortless and entirely subconscious" remain unproved and unprovable. He also has a way of ending his chapters with a sudden and absurd deflation: "At all events his development should always be of particular interest to young poets struggling to find their feet."

Mr. Pettet has a sharp eye for significant facts and figures (has anyone else noticed that the word "soft" occurs six times in the Autumn and Psyche odes?); his disposal of irrelevancies is a useful job well done, and he knows the right place to urge scepticism with the valuable but uneven work of Murry and Mr. Robert Gittings. Nor is his criticism purely destructive, even in the chapter on Keats's sources: he musters some impressive evidence as to the influence of Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel* on *St. Agnes*.

The Shakespeare question is not dealt with at any length. Someone else will have to explain why Keats, who had wonderful self-knowledge, believed that his talent was finally dramatic. Critics have felt the Shakespearean bigness and generosity of Keats's nature. They have taken the hint he threw out when he said "A man's life of any worth is a continual allegory"—particularly in regard to his death and the surpassing courage of "Did you ever see anyone die? No. Well then I pity you poor Severn—what trouble and danger you have got into for me—now you must be firm for it will not last long"—with the mucus boiling in his chest. That's one thing. But the dramatic ambition is another, and *Otho the Great* affords slender justification for it. True, he could write blank verse more like the real thing than anyone else of his time. The *King Stephen* fragment—

> Now may we lift our bruised visors up,
> And take the flattering freshness of the air—

shows up Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey as hopeless non-starters. But it doesn't suggest Keats was going to be a playwright. Perhaps he confused a sense of drama with a sense of fixed heroic attitudes. The latter he had in plenty (see the *Grecian Urn*) and it was what attracted him to poor mad Haydon and his paintings. But Mr. Pettet gives one enough to think about, without bringing in the book he didn't write.

JOHN JONES

## On the Move

**The Last Migration.** By VINCENT CRONIN. *Hart-Davis.* 16*s.*

**The Fountain of the Sun.** By DOUGLAS BUSK. *Parrish.* 35*s.*

**One Thousand Metres Down.** By JEAN CADOUX. *Allen & Unwin.* 21*s.*

**No Passport to Tibet.** By F. M. BAILEY. *Hart-Davis.* 25*s.*

Vincent Cronin has chosen to write about the nomadic tribes of southern Persia in a manner which will cause many readers unnecessary irritation. His book is half-fictional. The subject was surely one for a direct narrative of what Mr. Cronin saw and heard, and the prologue does indeed describe what drew him to Persia and how he got in touch with the tribes. Then a back-cloth drops, and actors step on to a stage. "Many of the incidents recounted," he tells us, "did not happen exactly as they are told, but they are not thereby considered false—at least in Persia." But they are, in England. An historical novel can make the most of plausible events and characters without annoying us. But *The Last Migration* sets out to describe much more than a period or a mood. It is a political protest against what is being done today by an actual Government to an actual tribe, and most readers will share the resentment which I felt because I was not told what was true and what was untrue. If, for instance, the regular Persian Army is sent to attack with tanks and guns almost defenceless tribesmen for no graver crime than that they prefer tents to houses, then I shall never think quite the same about Persians again. But though this scene is the culminating point of the book, and real names are introduced into the narrative, the reader is left in doubt whether this is an historical incident, or one of those falsehoods which Mr. Cronin suggests are more true than truth itself.

Whether it was so dramatic an incident as this or not, something has stirred Mr. Cronin's anger deeply. He cannot forgive the interference of the mock and corrupt civilisation of Teheran with an annual migration sanctioned by history, religion and the demands of sheep and goats for a seasonal change of pasture. He presents this conflict like a pageant. Here, spotlighted in one corner, is a tribesman's family engaged in traditional crafts and suckling their young. There, in the centre, stumble a little knot of comic UNO men, experts on hygiene, education and stock-breeding, buffoons astonished by the tribe's indifference to their superior knowledge. And there, in the far corner, are the grandees of Teheran, dawdling, cocktail-drinking and bidding against each other's bribes. Between them rides the tribe's leader, Ghazan Khan, lean, cultivated, muscled, pleading and eventually fighting and dying to preserve his people's traditional way of life.

It is Lawrence transferred to southern Persia, Lawrence of the Falqani as it might have been Lawrence of the Lapps or Lawrence of the Gypsies. It is an eternally attractive theme against which it seems wrong to argue. But in what sense would the wandering lives of the Falqani be less real or less happy if they were enabled to exchange their harsh bi-annual trek between the mountains and the plain for some sort of permanent settlement in villages? The usual answer is that the habit of trekking has imposed upon their lives and minds a particular quality without which the


# Can a Machine replace 6,000 Clerks?

The National Insurance central office in Newcastle-upon-Tyne houses a complex system of records, used in the calculation of insurance benefits. An official study group has been investigating, on a purely experimental basis, whether it would be theoretically possible for a giant electric computer to take over the work of recording and calculation. The clerk need have no fear that today's job will be gone tomorrow—but will a machine ever replace 6,000 clerks? Could it "memorize" the records of 26,000,000 people or "learn" new facts as it goes along? R. H. TIZARD (a Research Fellow at the London School of Economics) investigates the problem in a fascinating article in THE NEW SCIENTIST this week.

## Spectacular advances in virus research

It has just been announced that a Department of Virology is to be created at Glasgow University—the first of its kind at any British University. Virus research, one of the most fascinating and important in the medical scientific field to-day, is the subject of an article in THE NEW SCIENTIST this week by Dr. ALICK ISAACS, of the National Institute for Medical Research, in which he describes the structure of viruses and some of the spectacular advances recently made.

## Our eloquent "dumb friends"

The animals which man calls his "dumb friends" have an astonishing vocabulary of sound-signals by which they can communicate. The study of animal sounds "bio-acoustics," has been much aided in recent years by the use of magnetic tape recorders. These developments are explained in our article in THE NEW SCIENTIST this week by Dr. P. H. HASKELL, of the Anti-Locust Research Centre.

## Science for Army officers

At the Royal Military College of Science, Shrivenham, Army officers are studying the fundamentals of science and engineering—knowledge which is essential so that they may keep pace with the rapid developments in weapons foreshadowed by the recent White Paper on Defence. What goes on at Shrivenham is the subject of a special article in THE NEW SCIENTIST this week.

## Navigating the Mayflower II

On both sides of the Atlantic there is tremendous interest in the voyage of the Mayflower II from Plymouth, England, to Plymouth, Massachusetts. But the landsman knows little of the problems of wind and current which the master of such a ship will have to tackle. These are discussed in THE NEW SCIENTIST this week in an article by Commander C. H. WILLIAMS, R.N.R.

These are only a few of the fascinating subjects dealt with in THE NEW SCIENTIST this week. Articles in THE NEW SCIENTIST are not only clearly written—they are admirably illustrated by picture and diagram. The magazine costs ONE SHILLING. Try it this week.

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world would be poorer. The same argument could be applied to any group of people living in romantic but unnecessary hardship. Mr. Cronin sometimes writes of the Falqani as if they were seals or swallows, for whom migration is a natural process and an interruption of it a great cruelty. The very title of his book suggests some such outrage. But it would only be so if the methods described by Mr. Cronin were the methods which the Persian Government have actually adopted. A single explanatory page could have satisfied the curiosity which he so imaginatively arouses.

Mr. Douglas Busk (never has a name seemed to clamour more urgently for a knighthood) became our Ambassador in Addis Ababa in 1952. *The Fountain of the Sun* is the record of his leisure, if one can so describe activity infinitely more strenuous than his work. The Abyssinian capital could not contain Mr. Busk's energy for long periods at a time, and he was constantly off on private progresses through the almost roadless interior of the country, snapping the threads of his journeys only when he reached the frontiers. He pounced on unvisited territories as a scholar pounces on unedited manuscripts. He is a traveller of mountains more than of plains, feeling the need for a third dimension to tax his strength to the limit. Though he is not indifferent to the Ethiopians, their art, Emperor or history, the country eventually held nothing remote or high enough for him, and he devoted his leaves and half his book to ascents of Kilimanjaro (a tripper's mountain, though the highest in Africa), and the Ruwenzori, on the frontiers of Uganda and the Belgian Congo, which offered him all the discomfort he desired, and two virgin peaks which he named Elizabeth and Philip. A photograph of him taken just after his second descent from the mountain shows him as lean and haggard as Wingate after six months in the Chindwin. He seems to have enjoyed anticipation and retrospect more than the experience. Perhaps this is true of all mountaineers. The planning of his expeditions, when maps and the records of nineteenth-century travellers were spread out over huge Embassy tables, while food for a fortnight and porters to carry it up 17,000 feet were assembled in distant villages, forms the happiest part of a happy book.

"A passion for spelæology", writes André Bourgin, father of the French cave-explorers, "is even more mysterious than a passion for mountaineering, for the setting underground is far more repellent and the physical strain can become almost unbearable." Curiosity and adventure are the main motives. Accessibility and novelty are others. Everybody knows which is the highest mountain in the world, but nobody will ever know which is its deepest cavern, for the entrance to immense and filthy fissures may lie unnoticed on almost any hillside. So spelæology at least has the merits of suspense and surprise. It has little else. Spelæologists are not mountaineers in reverse; they are much more like miners or sewermen. Their equivalent to attaining a mountain's summit is the sudden closing of their tunnel by a blank and greasy wall, a disappointment instead of a triumph. And after what appalling labour! *One Thousand Metres Down* describes a Himalayan pyramid of effort, with the point directed downwards. It is an account of the exploration of the deepest known cave system in the world, the 3,750-foot Berger Chasm near Grenoble. The bottom has still not been reached, and the latest party was obliged to spend six consecutive days below ground, camping at a decreasingly minus quantity of metres, and sending down assault parties to deeper levels of danker slime. I never thought a stalactite a very beautiful object. Now I know that even spelæologists have given up pretending that it is. What they crave for, as they lie shivering underground, is the sun.

*No Passport to Tibet* is a flashy title for an attractively old-fashioned journey. It was in 1913 that young Captain Bailey set out to explore the Indian-Tibetan border, and in preparing his diary for publication, he has not eliminated the Cortes touch of the original. "The people of Gyala warned us against the people of Po Me. In Po Me we had received the same warnings against the people of Kongbo." And so on. He staggered from one hostile tribe to another, mapping as he went, and discovering by chance the blue poppy (*Meconopsis Baileyi*) which is found today in every seedsman's catalogue.

NICEL NICOLSON

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## Scepticism and Sympathy

**Metaphysical Beliefs.** By STEPHEN TOULMIN, RONALD W. HEPBURN and ALASDAIR MACINTYRE. *S.C.M. Press. 25s.*

"These three essays," the Editor writes, "are all of a length usually inconvenient for publication, too long for the journals, too short for a book. This in itself," he adds sagely, "would be no justification for publishing them together." There is, however, as it turns out, material reason for their compilation. In the first place, they all deal with topics in Natural Theology; and secondly, they are all indebted to the kind of philosophy that, as the same cautious editor puts it, is "associated with the name of" Wittgenstein.

This is promising. For it is by now well known that in recent years the view taken of metaphysical speculation by "advanced" philosophical thinkers has undergone a considerable transformation. The harsh rationalistic attitude which the Positivists inherited ultimately from the Age of Reason has given way to one that, by a suitable historical concurrence, has affinities with certain phases of Romanticism: an attitude at once more pragmatic and more comprehending. To characterise this new attitude is not easy, but its three guiding principles go some way towards defining it.

First of all, metaphysical statements ought not to be criticised in isolation. The old practice enjoined by Hume and followed by most of his successors of picking out individual theses or beliefs or dogmas and holding them up one by one to the cold, cruel light of reason is frowned upon: not because the beliefs and dogmas come so badly out of the process—which, of course, they do—but because the process distorts them. Arising always in some system or other, metaphysical statements can be properly understood only in the context of their system and, therefore, it should be only in this context that they are criticised.

Again, metaphysical statements ought not to be contrasted always and only with the statements of science: and this again not just out of kind-heartedness but in the interests of accuracy. For not only are there other kinds of statement than these two, but these two are the limiting cases, the terminal points, of the whole range of assertive language, and it is only natural to suppose that if we wish to bring out the peculiar characteristics of either we can do so by comparing it with what lies close to it, not with what is farthest from it.

Finally—and this is perhaps the most important of all the new principles—the fundamental category employed in the understanding of metaphysics needs revision. For "reason" substitute "motive." Instead of talking of a certain theory or thesis in terms of that which gives support to it or confirms or probabilifies it, we should instead try and understand it by seeing what leads us or might lead us to embrace it. And with this change of category goes, or should go, a complete change of outlook. Metaphysical systems are no longer to be regarded as candidates for truth or falsehood, proved or disproved, as the case may be, by the finding of fact and the sifting of evidence: they are rather to be considered as constructions or projections of the mind, doubtless with deep roots in fundamental desires and urges but drawing their immediate inspiration from the forms of language.

So much for the theory of the new philosophy, much of which is by now familiar. What, however, we have seen singularly little of is any attempt to apply it, and it is for this reason that *Metaphysical Beliefs* is of such initial interest. How far does the book itself sustain this interest?

It must at the outset be said that it is only Professor Toulmin writing on "contemporary scientific mythology" who even sets himself the task of carrying through the programme in its entirety. And in his case—or perhaps I should say in his and my case put together, in *our* case—judgment has peculiar difficulties. For the theories that he examines—Evolutionary Ethics and "the running-down universe"—make, to me at any rate, absolutely no *prima facie* appeal, and in consequence the slow piecemeal sapping of their foundations so characteristic of Wittgensteinian analysis seems rather unnecessary. On those who are more tender-minded on these particular issues, who, waking in the middle of the night, shudder over Entropy, or who derive unnatural comfort from feeling themselves to be in the van of biological Progress, the effect doubtless will be different: and the essay is engagingly written.

Mr. Hepburn and Mr. Macintyre treat of Religion. Mr. Hepburn writes of the now popular analogy between the language of religion and that of poetry, and painstakingly brings out its good and its bad points. Mr. Macintyre approaches more directly the issue behind this analogy—the status of religious assertions: and he tries to describe this by filling in the setting in which such assertions are used—liturgy, faith, authority, prayer. Both write with considerable ingenuity and patience and sympathy, but neither writes essays that carry full conviction or make quite the effect intended. Why this is so is, however, not without interest, and may, indeed, be the most important lesson this book has to teach. For what it seems to point to is the inherently destructive or sceptical tendency of the new method. Neither of these writers wants to be sceptical, and yet both essays have the effect of

making religion seem, if more plausible, also more trivial.

And this is odd. For originally it looked as though the new method would be more favourable to the kind of speculation or belief that cannot be justified within strict scientific canons. But this, it now seems, is wrong, and the illusion arises only because the new method uses a different weapon in the ancient struggle. Ridicule has been replaced by sympathy, but in affairs of the intellect sympathy has also its cutting edge. By showing a certain view or theory or practice to be a natural growth of the human mind, one can give the impression that this is explanation enough for it so that the question of its external validity or authority now seems superfluous. To show that a view is naturally plausible is to show that it need not be held for the reason for which other less plausible views necessarily are held: namely, that evidence and experience force one to hold them. And the effect of this revelation is bound to be, ultimately at any rate, damaging: nothing here that amounts to proof, but a great deal that is persuasive.

In the days of Positivism it could forcefully be urged against the sceptic that if the views he attacked were, in fact, what he said they were—literal nonsense—it was difficult to see how anyone could ever have come to accept them. Nowadays the sceptic is likely to have an answer. It would be ironical indeed if he were to find it, all laid out for him, in the writings of such up-to-date apologists as Mr. Macintyre.

RICHARD WOLLHEIM

## J'Accuse!

**That Day at Gibraltar.** By NOEL MONKS. *Muller.* 15*s.*

Readers of the *Daily Mail* will now know all about the deplorable case of Admiral North: how this officer was in command at Gibraltar in September, 1940; how on the night of the 9th six French warships from Toulon approached the Straits; how the Admiral, knowing that the Admiralty had been notified of their approach and having no instructions to the contrary, allowed them to pass; how the vessels made for Dakar and contributed by their presence to the fiasco there a fortnight later; and how the Lords of the Admiralty dismissed North from his command, placed him on the retired list, and have ever since implacably refused to grant him a court-martial to clear his name. Here Mr. Noel Monks presents the case more fully. The scrappiness of the book, the evident marks of hasty compilation, above all the grisly attempts to make the story vivid by bright descriptive writing, all this may be overlooked in what is basically an angry pamphlet. The criterion by which it must be judged is: is it likely to improve North's chances of obtaining justice?

The answer to this is, unfortunately, no. The Admiralty dismissed North, not simply because of the Dakar incident, but because they did not trust him in general to be tough enough with the Vichy French. He had most unwisely protested against the bombardment of the French Fleet in Oran, and there was, in the view of the Admiralty, no place at Gibraltar, in the autumn of 1940, for a man with a conscience so tender as his. In taking this action the Admiralty were entirely within their rights, and owed neither explanation nor apology to anyone. But it seems clear that they felt that so distinguished and senior an officer could not be removed without some more specific cause being shown; so North was accused of a dereliction of duty of which, it now seems clear, he was entirely innocent. This innocence is, in the eyes of the Admiralty, irrelevant to the basic correctness of their decision to dismiss him; and since any official recognition of it would discredit their judgment then and their authority now, they resolutely refuse to reopen a *chose jugée*. There is no *bordereau*, no Colonel Henry, no *petit bleu*: but none the less it is all sickeningly familiar.

Mr. Monks will certainly arouse wide and de-


**The Observer:** 'His ideas are all the more stimulating for their undoctrinaire and tentative tone; one has the feeling of listening to an eminently serious man thinking aloud rather than to a political prophet laying down the law.' RICHARD LOWENTHAL

**Daily Telegraph:** 'Despite this besetting political naïvety, Mr. Gaitskell's book has many illuminating things to say, particularly on European affairs and N.A.T.O.' PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE

**Financial Times:** 'Many people will disagree with Mr. Gaitskell in detail: few except on the extreme right and left, will deny that his opinions are clearly expressed or fail to be impressed by the moderate and pragmatic attitude he adopts to the issues at stake.'

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served public support for Admiral North; but for fifteen years the Admiralty has ridden out storms far worse than any this book is likely to command. It is evident that they have weighed the issues carefully and made up their collective minds that it is better to throw an Admiral overboard than to have the whole system of command called in question; and pressure from the Service, from the Naval Press, from the House of Lords and from the Throne itself have failed to shake them. Even supporters of the Admiral, when appointed to influential positions in the Admiralty, have abandoned his cause and joined the ranks of the enemy. It is very much to be feared that Mr. Monks's well-intentioned efforts will only harden the determination of these granite and equally well-intentioned public servants not to yield to what no doubt appears on the Horse Guards, to be ignorant clamour fomented by the gutter-press.

It is good that cases of such crying injustice should be kept constantly before our eyes, even when there is no immediate hope of redressing them. But the case of Admiral North would have been better served by a cooler, grimmer, more sardonic book; one calculated to make mad the guilty, rather than to appal the free.

MICHAEL HOWARD

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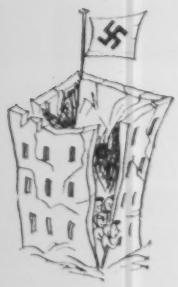
The May *London Magazine* (2s. 6d.) features letters from Edward Thomas to Eleanor Farjeon—direct, practical, very moving—and an inquiry into "The Writer and His Age." Though the nine writers' answers to questions about "engagement" hardly add up to a general attitude, lively things are said, notably by D. J. Enright, William Golding and John Osborne. In the Spring *Cornhill* (2s. 6d.) Margaret Lane tells the life of Flora Thompson, the chronicler of Victorian Oxfordshire, and George Whalley strips some gilt off a Canadian legend—of John Hornby the mighty trapper—only to find different psychological grandeur below. Colin Welch has a substantial article on the Indian Mutiny in the May *Encounter* (3s.).

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# New Novels

**The Sandcastle.** By IRIS MURDOCH. *Chatto & Windus.* 15*s.*

**Through a Dark Wood.** By W. R. LOADER. *Cape.* 15*s.*

**The Prodigy.** By HERMANN HESSE. *Peter Owen* and *Vision Press.* 15*s.*

**The Dispossessed.** By GEOFFREY WAGNER. *Ward Lock.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

**Peyton Place.** By GRACE METALIOUS. *Muller.* 16*s.*

Miss Murdoch is being more strongly tipped than ever now as a White Hope of contemporary fiction. There is no question about her stamina. I missed her first novel. Her second, one of those picaresque fantasies which are so difficult to bring off, I found, though full of ideas, rather laboured and weak in its characterisation, so that I doubted whether she had enough imagination to make one of those real novelists who insist on writing the hard way, out of their heads rather than about their friends and themselves. Her third, *The Sandcastle*, impresses me considerably. It is quite straightforward, much more like an extremely promising first novel by a new writer altogether than like anything by the Miss Murdoch you used to know. Much of it is very vivid and though nobody does anything very much to anybody, and the lovers never actually go to bed, you are left with an impression of what the librarians call a strong book, as well as a tender and, in places, rather clumsy one.

The characters grow very naturally out of their setting which is a minor public school. Nearly all of them are alive, perhaps all, for I cannot make up my mind about Mor, the heavily married middle-aged master whose love-affair with Rain, the young orphan commissioned to paint the portrait of Demoyte, the rumbustious humanist retired head, provides the story. Even if he is not all there all the time he makes an at least adequate protagonist, which is quite an achievement in itself considering that we see nearly everything through his eyes. The love affair, on the verge of becoming an elopement, is torpedoed towards the end of the book by Mor's wife, Nan. The device used for this, a speech at a dinner-party in honour of the completion of Demoyte's portrait, is not altogether convincing; but something of the kind was needed and Rain's sudden realisation of the age-gap, and the dead father situation which had helped to bridge it, is just right. There are in particular two scenes of physical action where Miss Murdoch indulges her penchant for exact detail. The first, a description of Rain's car getting bogged down by a river's bank and overturning, is brilliantly successful. The second, an essay in the vertiginous, in which Mor's son is rescued from a perilous perch on the school tower, becomes confusing; but the big comic scene, the lantern lecture, which precedes it and which might easily have been overwritten, is nicely economised. There are also some effective children's scenes. Altogether there is everything you would expect to find in a book by a well educated woman novelist. The writing is sometimes a little overladen with epithets; no doubt because Miss Murdoch is so intent on catching exact shades of meaning.

Taken, perhaps rather unfairly, as a chaser after Miss Murdoch, *Through a Dark Wood* tastes flat. In fact, it is a worthy enough little piece of documentary fiction, a slice out of the life of a youngish but experienced secondary schoolmaster, with all the usual problems, marital, professional, and economic. It may not go very deep into human relationships but it communicates plenty of direct experience of chalk, dust and green ink stains.

*The Prodigy* is one of the earlier works of Hermann Hesse, the distinguished German writer and educationist who settled in Switzerland after the First World War and was given the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1946 for his novel *Magister Ludi*. It is a short sad little biographical study of Hans Giebenrath, son of a Swalsian business man, who is crammed like a goose so that he shall pass into the local Protestant Theological College. Arrived there, he makes friends with a mildly rebellious poet, has a nervous breakdown, falls in love and ends by committing suicide, a perpetual reproach to his grasping and narrow-minded parents, masters and pastors. It is written with deep sympathy and though it lacks the limpid quality desirable in this kind of book it is much more of a work of art than a case history and you never even begin to question its inevitable downbeat. It certainly makes you willing to read more of Herr Hesse.

The curiosities of fiction are often more interesting than the average indifferent novel. Goodness only knows what traumatic experience lies behind *The Dispossessed*. This is a violent polemic against psychiatry in general and army psychiatrists in particular. Dick Leslie, a former chemical engineer, concussed in North Africa, spends two years in an army mental hospital and is discharged with the label "constitutionally inferior," and a confidential report which wrecks his chances of getting or holding a job. He is finally deported from America with ignominy. Unfortunately Mr. Wagner overloads his case against the psychiatrists so heavily and gets so many things wrong, including some of the jargon, that it is difficult to adopt any but a clinical attitude towards him. This is a pity because he is possibly on to something and his character of the ghastly bluff army psychiatrist is an uncommonly promising one.

*Peyton Place* is another curiosity, but its author knows perfectly well what she is about. It is a long chronicle of life in a very small New England town where everybody, almost without exception, is a monster of vice and depravity. It is as if Mrs. Metalious has taken a flower-vase, poured in a quart of best magazine fiction and added nips of synthetic Zola, Faulkner, Kinsey, Kraft-Ebbing and Sinclair Lewis. It has to be read to be believed.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

# Only Connect

**Poets in a Landscape.** By GILBERT HIGHET. *Hamish Hamilton.* 30*s.*

It is tempting to see the Atlantic Ocean rolling between Professor Highet's *Juvenal the Satirist*, written from Oxford, and *Poets in a Landscape* which he offers as Anthon Professor of Latin at Columbia University. The former revived the whole problem of satire in poetry and became one of those rare standard works that, when visited for information, demand to be re-read all through. The new book is a record of a pilgrimage through Italy to the towns and countryside connected with seven major Latin poets. Into it are woven essays and translations designed to show the reader round Latin poetry.

Travelling with the Prof. in this tremendously superior coach-tour is the smoothest literary ride imaginable. Not a word of Latin is needed, or in fact any preconception except the one demanded pretty clearly by most poets—that it is a good thing to visit their own country. It should be said that Professor Highet, by using historical rather than geographical order, and ringing the changes of place and poet, generally avoids writing anything like a travelogue, though there are some alarming lapses: he calls Ovid "naughty" and Sirmio "a delightful spot," he turns Pholoe into Eileen and has the out-of-touch view that Pyrrha who does her hair carefully wants it to be caressed—he translates *Cui flavam religas comam?* as "Who loves smoothing your yellow hair?," and adds insult by calling the same girl "chic yet daintily plain." These shudders over one can sink into one's *fauteuil* anxious not to miss a moment of the tour.

The chapter on Catullus is admirable as a popularisation of his violent and supposedly Celtic genius, and for some new criticism of poem 63: this is the story of Atys who in mania castrated himself for Cybele, in depression

loathed himself, and in mania plunged on into the jungle-worship of the goddess. To read it as an analogy for the poet's relationship with Clodia *ilia rumpens* "who broke his loins," is a valuable gain in appreciation.

However, the charm of this book is not in high-spots of criticism but in the living experience of the age-old assumption that the landscape adds to poetry as much as poetry to the landscape. This is even true when Propertius writes two lines on the springs of Clitumnus quite unlike the general tenor of his poems. Pliny's famous set-piece is relevant and so is the professor's calm enjoyment and careful observation of the same water:

> All that one sees at first, after walking through the farmyard, is a chain of pools of water lying calmly under sunlit trees. But as soon as one looks into the water one sees that it is moving: it is alive: it is being born, moment by moment, continuously.

He is also a remarkably good photographer, so that his fifty illustrations are (O rare virtue!) a precise and attractive commentary on the text. Of course, where the place really mattered to the poet, as the Sabine farm did to Horace, one may expect to be moved more precisely.

> Horace wrote neat, economical, fanciful, yet beautifully controlled poems; beneath his feet he liked to see close, varied, abstract patterns. What Piet Mondriaan did as framed "pictures," Horace's decorators put on his floors.

Most of all I enjoyed a long walk near Aquino to find the church of St. Peter in the Country. No visitor is remembered to have asked for it before. It is on a mountain no-one climbs with a view no more lovely than a thousand others; it is an unimportant ruin. But from it came the now lost inscription in which Juvenal, in the year he was a small-town mayor, dedicated an offering to Ceres. And near it is a fragment of arch and wall that may have been the poet's home. Professor Highet records all this without a murmured word to suggest that he is the most learned authority on Juvenal in the world.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

## The Holborn Underground

**Henry Morse: Priest of the Plague.** By PHILIP CARAMAN. *Longmans.* 18*s.*

If about Bloomsbury or Holborn thou meet a good smug fellow in a gold-laced suit, a cloak lined through with velvet, with a great store of coin in his purse, rings on his fingers, a watch in his pocket, which he will value above 20 pounds, . . . a stiletto at his side, a man at his heels, . . . take heed.

No, not a member of the staff at Great Turnstile, but one of the "prouder sort of priests" profiled by the Government spy Gee in a handbook for watchful Protestants. Few were as elegant as Fr. Richard Blount, the first Jesuit Provincial, supposedly described here; and none could afford to be recognised. Long after the reign of Elizabeth, the fear of Popery lingered: the Gunpowder Plot still haunted England at the time of Titus Oates, and scholars are still divided over the substance of Oates's tales. When the young Henry Morse returned to England as an ordained priest earlier in the seventeenth century, he risked not only exile but death. A convert, formerly a student at Cambridge and at Barnard's Inn, he crossed to the English seminary at Douai in 1614; came back to settle his affairs; was arrested; was released three years later; studied in the English College in Rome; returned as a Jesuit novice; was again arrested; was released and exiled; and returned again in 1633, to work in secret among the Catholics of St. Giles, Holborn. Here, when plague broke out two years later, he continued his priestly duties in conditions doubly dangerous. After several narrow escapes, he was once more arrested in 1637. This time, he was released after petitioning Charles I, but not before he had been found guilty of being

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**SPRING IN OCTOBER**

A 10 minute newsreel of the historic events in Poland last autumn is available from

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a priest. After obscurity and further exile, he returned yet again in 1643, was captured in Cumberland, brought to London, and executed on the former charge at Tyburn in 1645.

It was the classic career for a martyr of the English Mission; and Fr. Philip Caraman, translator of the autobiographies of John Gerard and William Weston, has treated it in the classic manner. The story is told, that is, wholly from the Catholic standpoint: the rightness of the Catholic cause is assumed or implied; the few Protestants quoted either rant or sympathise; and stress is laid on Morse's undoubted heroism, while little is said of the Government's clemency, remarkable at the time, in setting him free so often. This, then, is a partisan study, understandably enough: but it differs from Catholic apologetics of the old-fashioned sort in that its scholarship is impeccable. At times it takes its colour or background from biased witnesses—quoting Augustine Baker, for example, on the alleged rigging of treason trials; yet every statement is authenticated from original sources, and scrupulous accuracy is observed in matters of fact. Only in two places—in the dates cited on pages 122 and 136—did I even detect what appeared to be misprints. Furthermore, a great deal of fresh material has been brought to light from the British Museum, the Vatican Archives, the Stonyhurst MSS., the Bodleian, Liège, and elsewhere. The book is exciting as well as informative; and once one accepts its avowedly limited viewpoint, it illuminates in great detail a little-known tract of history. Its illustrations include some harrowing plague scenes from contemporary prints, a view of Elizabethan Newcastle, and a hagiographical engraving of Fr. Morse.

Looking back today on the history of the English Mission, one is tempted to think in terms of cloak-and-dagger, drawing easy parallels with the wartime underground or with Communist spy-rings, according to one's religious prejudice. Since for many present-day historians religious disputes seem now less urgent than political dissensions, one's tempted to decry intolerance on both sides and to weigh the moral problem largely in terms of political intrigue. Were the Jesuits seeking merely to minister to existing Catholics? Were they seeking merely to make converts? Or did they intend to stamp out Protestantism? Was their aim to overthrow the State? As Fr. Caraman shows, the Catholic world was divided over the second and third of these objects: one faction, as he calls it, seems to have sought only toleration for English Catholics, with a little conversion thrown in. The Jesuits, on the other hand, sought to "cut out the canker of heresy," as Morse put it when he spoke at Tyburn. If this meant also overthrowing the State—then, we are tempted to feel, the martyrdom of men like Morse may have been a cruel necessity; and the required oath of allegiance seems to show that the authorities agreed. But the oath was an oath of allegiance *and* supremacy: religion both mingled with politics and rivalled it in men's esteem. Reading the brutal sentence of hanging, drawing and quartering, we feel both aghast and slightly superior: this gelding, disembowelling, burning, and butchering, surely can't happen now. The point of course is that things very like it can and do happen. For matters of religion, growing indifference has helped to teach us tolerance; but for matters of law and politics the gibbets still stand against the sky.

RICHARD MAYNE


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# Week-end Competition

## No. 1,419

**Set by Guy Henriques**

The usual prizes are offered for twelve lines of Chaucerian verse describing the Angry Young Clerke of Oxenford. Entries by May 21.

## Result of No. 1,416

**Set by Hellebore**

The usual prizes are offered for an Anti-Garden Song in the manner of Marvell (*The Garden*), T. E. Brown ("A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot."), A. E. Housman ("I hoed and trenched and weeded") or Kipling ("Our England is a garden").

**Report**

Perhaps we must blame the drought: the crop looked plentiful but on closer scrutiny the flowers were few and poor, and what had appeared to be promising shoots ended up as sapless growths. Too many were content to borrow the external form only of the originals, and not attempt the tone or attitude, or a criticism of these. Thus several entries ignored the political content of Kipling and Marvell, the theological of T. E. Brown. (It took two entries from ecclesiastical addresses to see that if you stand that blessèd plot on its head the devil is bound to pop in.) D. L. L. Clarke did his best to give his Marvell lines a topical slant—"See how my weeds, as on the Nile" he began, and ended—

> So none, not I, not weed, not flower,
> But General Failure wins the hour—

and Guy Hadley put in some social reflections—

> Had we but gold enough, and time,
> Thy verses, Marvell, were no crime.
> But we whose surcharged lives are spent
> Commuting with a plot in Kent
> Must forfeit sweet repose to get
> A single bud with bitter sweat.

No one produced a plausible Kipling. The Housmanites went in for some characteristic gloating over horrors past (*darnel* rhyming with *charnel*) and to come—

> The fields will doubtless grow them
> When winter snows are gone,
> And luckless lads will hoe them—
> While I am looking on.
>
> (A. M. Sayers)

Two guineas each to R. J. P. Hewison, for his neat inversion, and to Adrienne Gascoigne; a guinea each to P. R. Hines and E. B. C. Jones (but surely *wife* is an un-Housman word). Royal Unhorticultural Society commendations to those quoted above, and to Stanley J. Sharpless, Eileen M. Haggitt, Audrey L. Laski, Alberick, Leslie Johnson and E. J. Roberts.

THE NOT-GARDEN

> How madly Men themselves betake
> To Rolling-stone, spade, hoe and Rake,
> Crook backs (in vaine) to rectify
> Natures irregularity,
> And, fashioning a pleasance fit
> For sitting, find no Time to sit;
> Yet leave untill'd and unalign'd
> That other Garden of the Mind.
>
> These other Blooms, each nectar'd Howre,
> Spontaneous and unlabor'd flowre,
> Celestialising all that's wrought
> To a green Shade in a green Thought.
>
> R. J. P. HEWISON

A garden is a loveless thing, God wot!
Weed-plot,
  Foul pool,
Dank grot—
  A real pustule
  Of rottenness, yet the fool
Contends the devil's not—
  No devil! in the garden! when my Eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis sure the Serpent lurks in mine.

ADRIENNE GASCOIGNE

A garden is a loathsome thing, say I.
Green fly,
  Fat slug,
Good-bye!
  Who'd be a mug
  With hoe and spade and trug?
I'm not that sort of guy.
  I don't like mixing with the worm and bug.
  But now I have a sign:
"This garden plot to let." That's fine!

P. R. HINES

I hoed and trenched and planted,
  I raked the border fair,
I set the seeds we wanted,
  The sparrows noting where;

With groundelder and groundsel
  I waged unending strife,
I hearkened local counsel,
  I hearkened to my wife;

I thinned and staked, bent double,
  The minutes dragged to hours;
And now we count, with trouble,
  A dozen measly flowers.

E. B. C. JONES

# City Lights

**Grandma's the Word**

Stock markets are still full of bounce. Industrial investors are glued to the news of wage increases; gilt-edged investors are feeding more avidly than ever on hopes of an early reduction in Bank Rate—partly because of last week's further sharp fall in the Treasury Bill rate, partly because of the terms of the latest government loan operation. The Treasury has announced that the £400m. of stock maturing in mid-June will be redeemed on the due date and that no conversion offer will be made in respect of it. The clear implication of this announcement is that the new policy of widening the gap between short and long-term interest rates has been remarkably successful. Not only has the government reduced and cheapened its dependence on bill finance by slashing the Budget deficit, it has been able to take advantage of the demand for gilt-edged created by hopes of a cut in Bank Rate to sell considerable amounts of stock to the public. In particular—and especially in the weeks preceding the February cut—it was able to buy in the greater part of the maturing stocks in exchange for others, and only a small amount of cash will have to be paid out in June. This should be more than offset by further sales of stock—including the £100m. issued this week—to investors who expect Bank Rate to come down at any moment.

The Bank of England celebrated this achievement (and stole the best pants of the Radcliffe Committee) by issuing a short statement to explain what this latest operation was about. It was unfortunate, therefore, that a good many people in the City with bees in their bonnet about inflation

## Company Meetings

# LONDON AND MANCHESTER

*Speech of the Chairman, Lord Grantchester, O.B.E., at the 88th Annual General Meeting held on the 8th May, 1957, at the Chief Office, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.2.*

### Directors' Report and Accounts

The Directors' Report and Accounts for the year 1956 have been in your hands for some weeks and I assume you would wish to take them as read.

There is nothing very remarkable on which comment is necessary; you will probably agree that the accounts record moderate progress. The Life Funds stand at over £52m. and show an increase in the year of over £2m. There is an increase in the premium income in all branches. In the ordinary Branch, where the premium income is approaching £3m. a year, the year's increase is £111,000. In the Industrial Branch, where the premium income is now over £3¼m. a year, the year's increase is £159,000. The total sum assured in the two Life Branches is now over £125m., including bonus additions. In the Fire & General Branch, where the premium income is over £330,000 a year, the year's increase is £35,000.

Our thanks are due to the Directors, Management and Staff of the County Fire Office for their ever-ready assistance with our Fire and General business. In common with the general experience, due to exceptional weather conditions of frost and flood and to the continued bad experience in the Motor Department, the results in the Fire and General Department were disappointing.

There is a further improvement in interest income, which has been one of the objectives of our investment policy over the past few years. The total gross interest has increased during the year by over £200,000 and the gross yield on the funds is £5 11s. 6d.%.

The year has not been without anxiety. Costs have risen more sharply than premium income. Local rates figure prominently among the increases as well as an increase in the contributions to the Staffs' Pension Fund and increased remuneration to the Staff, of which we have not felt the full impact in the year under review. It is a disquieting feature that whereas expense ratios were steadily coming down they are now moving upward. It is in the long-term interests of the Staff to co-operate with the Management to correct this trend.

### Investments

The problems of Investment have not been easier. I said last year that the balance sheet values of our Stock Exchange securities as at the 31st December, 1955, were in total less than their market value without recourse to the Investments Reserve Fund. This is again the position to-day although at the date of the Balance Sheet before you it was necessary to take into account the Investments Reserve Fund to a limited extent. There has been no marked change during the year in the spread of our Investments. The growth in assets is reflected in Mortgages which have increased by approximately £1m. and in Debentures and Ordinary Shares which have increased by approximately £¼m. each.

### Bonuses

I believe, having regard to current premium rates and to the rates of bonus which we are paying, the contracts which we offer in all departments are very good value. The bonus in the ordinary Branch this year is £2% on the Sum Assured and the cost of the bonuses declared this year in the two Life Branches is in excess of £1m.

### Investment Trust Retirement Annuities

In addition to the demand for conventional contracts, we sensed a potential demand for a retirement annuity, where the obligation to pay does not arise for a comparatively long period of years, under which both premiums and benefits are related to the level of equity prices instead of being payable in sterling. As a consequence we launched in January this year a new contract under the title "Investment Trust Retirement Annuity," which is based on the price of Investment—Trust—Units.

You will be gratified that our pioneering effort has met with a most satisfactory response. We feel well rewarded for having met a new demand attracting new customers to the Company under this prospectus.

# THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY

## GROUP SALES REACH NEW RECORD

### RATE OF EXPANSION RETARDED BY SUEZ CRISIS

The forty-eighth annual general meeting of The British Petroleum Company Limited will be held on May 30 in London.

The following is an extract from the Statement by the Chairman, Mr. N. A. Gass, C.B.E., M.C., which has been circulated to Stockholders:

The expansion in the BP group's business in 1956, as described in this Statement, would have been at a higher rate but for the retarding effects in the last two months of the year of the closure of the Suez Canal, and the damage in Syria to the Iraq Petroleum Company's pipeline system to the Eastern Mediterranean.

The early months of 1957 have been a difficult period in which we have experienced a reduction in our trade, and the growth of consumption in the European area, where we have a large marketing interest, has, for the present, slowed down. But the basic facts of the world's growing forward energy requirements, and the increasing contribution to be made by oil, remain unchanged, and we can look forward to an expanding business granted the stable conditions requisite for the progressive development of Middle East oil production on which the economic future of the producing countries in that area so largely depends.

In the Consolidated Profit and Loss Account the Trading Profit, after providing for depreciation and amounts written off, was £124,171,691 for 1956 compared with £111,683,900 for 1955. The increase of £12,487,791 is due, in the main, to higher sales tonnages.

Depreciation and Amounts written off totalled £25,202,874 compared with £22,143,401 for 1955, the increase being mainly in the amount written off Exploration Interests.

The total taxation charge is £76,324,120, of which £64,036,101 is Overseas Taxation arising mainly in the countries of production: Iran, Iraq, Kuwait and Qatar.

It is the intention to publish yearly and half-yearly Group Income Statements; the first of these is issued with the Accounts. The initial half-yearly statement, for the first six months of 1957, will show comparative figures for the corresponding period of 1956, and it will be appreciated that the income in the current half-year will be affected by the adverse conditions.

### CAPITAL EXPENDITURE PROGRAMME

The estimated amount of contracts for Capital Expenditure at the end of last year was £120 million (of which £88 million relates to shipping, including, in part, the expenditure on tankers to be dealt with under the new tanker financing arrangements). It has to be anticipated that actual Capital Expenditure will continue at a high rate, and will necessitate the continued retention in the business of a very substantial proportion of the earnings.

### PRODUCTION AND REFINING

During 1956 we obtained from Kuwait, Iraq, Iran and Qatar, our main sources of supply, a total of about 49,500,000 tons of crude oil, or 4,000,000 tons more than in 1955. But for the curtailment of Middle East production necessitated by the Suez crisis in the last two months of the year, this increase would have been substantially greater. Larger production in Iran was the principal contributor towards the increase in our crude oil supplies.

In Iraq, the companies in which we have an interest continued the development of their established fields and exploration for further reserves. On 2nd November the destruction in Syria of the pumping stations on the pipelines from Iraq to the Mediterranean brought the flow of oil from the Iraq Petroleum Company's and Mosul Petroleum Company's fields to a standstill.

In Trinidad, Trinidad Northern Areas Limited continued to increase production from the deviated wells drilled from shore, and from the off-shore Soldado field discovered last year in the Gulf of Paria. During the year we increased our interests in Trinidad, by the acquisition of stock in Trinidad Petroleum Development Limited.

In 1956 our total refinery throughput was 32,500,000 tons, 3,000,000 tons more than in 1955. But for the dislocation of crude oil supplies caused by the Suez crisis our 1956 throughput would have been about 2,000,000 tons larger.

Of the 41 ships referred to last year as under construction or on order one, recently completed, has been purchased by Tanker Charter Company Ltd. and chartered to us. The remaining 40 ships of that building programme are all due for completion during the next three years. In addition, BP Tanker Company has placed orders for a further number of new tankers, including several of 65,000 deadweight tons.

### DISTRIBUTION AND SALES

The BP group's sales of crude oil and refined products in 1956 rose to the new record total of 53 million tons. The increase over the preceding year was 11 per cent or 5 million tons—almost equally divided between crude oil and refined products—and thus was less, by 1 million tons, than the 6 million ton increase attained in 1955. This is attributable to the effects of the Suez crisis; prior to this, we were expecting to achieve in 1956 an expansion of 8 million tons, or 17 per cent.

PERSONNEL.—In addition to the increased volume of work caused by the continued expansion of operations in 1956, the BP group's staff had to deal with many extra problems caused by the Suez crisis in the latter part of the year. For the good results achieved in such circumstances, special credit is due to personnel at all levels.

It is again a very real pleasure to record the Board's appreciation of the excellent and devotec services of the group's personnel at home, afloat anc overseas.

**"... but Jack insisted—and how glad we are now that he did ..."**

I'd never known my husband so persistent before. "I've *got* to make sure you'll be properly provided for if anything happens to me," he kept on saying, and one day he told me he had taken out a Prudential *Heritage* policy.

Now the children and I are alone, that policy means a great deal to us. The Prudential have already paid me £2,000 and for the next sixteen years I shall receive £5 a week—in all, over £6,000.

This is the security every family ought to have behind them.

Ask the man from the

**PRUDENTIAL**

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(and at least one City editor) decided that the gilt-edged market must now go up because the Treasury had abandoned "funding" and was proposing to pump a further £400m. of money into the economy.

* * *

Central Mining is a mining finance house with a wide spread of investment interests, mainly in South African gold mines. It hit the headlines last year when it made an £8m. profit out of the American bid for Trinidad Oil, in which it was a substantial shareholder. During the past week or two, while the rest of the Kaffir market has languished, its shares have been moving higher. Central Mining may soon be in the news again.

The Trinidad Oil profit raised two problems for the Central Mining board. The first, arising from the possibility that it might be taxable, was to rush through a reorganisation of the company's activities which should have been carried out long before. The second was to make sure that £8m. of cash did not attract a swarm of bidders—Central Mining's net assets are worth around £25m., while its equity is priced in the market, even now, at little more than half that sum. When negotiations on a merger with another large finance house were broken off, market gossip was quick to suggest that there was competition about. Recently there have been rumours that a merchant bank may be interested on behalf of an American syndicate.

The latest news suggests that there may be something at the bottom of these rumours. The Central Mining board is proposing a number of changes in the company's arrangements resulting from the reorganisation, and two of them stand out very obviously. The first is that separate consent from Preference and Ordinary shareholders should be necessary to move the company's management and control outside the U.K. The second is that Preference shareholders should have their dividend rate increased from 5 to 6 per cent. in exchange for a change in their voting rights. It is difficult not to connect these two proposals with the fact that a large part of Central Mining's Ordinary capital—a half or more—is held abroad in the form of bearer shares, and is precluded by the company's rules from voting. The Preference shares carry effective control at the moment and are an obvious first target for any bidder (they have been unusually active in the last few days); the Board's proposals would reduce their share of the total vote from nearly one-half to around one-third. Whether or not a bid for the Preference is put in within the next few days, the affairs of Central Mining should be worth watching.

Mr. Bevan has tarnished his recently acquired reputation—at least in City eyes. Labour is going to take the steel industry back into public ownership, "and in a fashion that makes it stay in public ownership." Steel shares, which had been doing very well on hopes of higher dividends, relapsed sharply.

The preliminary debate on the Finance Bill was interesting only because it seemed to leave open the possibility of a change in one provision which has been agitating the City—that overseas trading corporations should not be entitled to tax relief on income received from subsidiaries which are registered abroad.

TAURUS

# The Chess Board

### No. 391. Battle of Bognor

Middleton, or Southdean rather, for although it gets all the publicity Bognor has really nothing to do with the Congress. Still, the taxi-man who took me there knew all about it, even though (no chess player himself) he would not be committed on the degree of proselytising among the natives and the holiday crowds. At the Congress, with its numerous subsidiary tournaments (ably directed by J. N. Lomax), one could find the usual crowd of happy devotees, including one nonagenarian and two octogenarian competitors and a good many eager schoolboys, collecting autographs and clutching Golombek's Penguin so as to swot up their variations and to watch some veritable grandmasters in their application (or deviation). There were only two of them since, alas, the two Russians had failed to appear; and as O'Kelly was sadly out of form, Gligoric's victory was almost a certainty, and what with Hastings and the Yugoslav championship preceding it this was his third successive triumph within four months. I knew about his prowess at chess and his personal charm, but I hadn't known about his glory (and medals) as a teen-age partisan hero; nor had I known that he has an important ministerial job of analysing the political and literary journals in the four or five languages he reads fluently. He is paid to read almost every inch of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, all except this column which he pretends to read for fun. Evidently a nice man, apart from being a good chess player. Here's how he strangulated Lloyd. /r3k3/1p1br2p/ 2pRkt1p1/ /p3Pp2/ P1B2P2/ 1KtP1K1P1/ 7P/ 1R6/. (1) B x Kt, B x B; (2) Kt-B5, B-B1; (3) K-Q4, K-B2; (4) R-Q8, R-B2; (5) P-B4, R-R2; (6) R-Kt6, K-K2; (7) R-KR8, P-R4; (8) R-R6, and Black soon resigned. Here—Anderson-Gligoric—is the position in which some fireworks started. /r1b1r1k1/ 1p3pb1/ pkt1p1q1p/ 2p1kt1p1/ 2P1P3/ KtP4P1/ P1QB1PBP/ 3KtRRK1/. (19) P-B4, P x P; (20) R x P, Q-Kt3; (21) Kt-K3, Kt-B3; (22) Q-Q1, Kt-Q5; (23) QKt-B2, B-K4; (Anderson told me that (23) B-R5! would have given him better prospects). (24) R(4)-B1, P-KR4; (25) B-R5, Kt-Q2; (26) Kt-Q5, KKt-B3; (27) Kt-B7, B-K5; (28) Q-Q3, P-R5!; (29) Kt x QR, P x P; (30) Kt-B7, Kt x Kt; (31) Kt x R, Kt x Kt; (32) Q x Kt, B-Q5 ch; (33) K-R1, Q-R4; (34) B-B3, B x B ch; (35) R x B, Q x R, ch,

and having recovered his heavy expenses, Gligoric could merely draw against the young Danish master, his only rival to remain unbeaten. Another very gifted youngster is Rakic who trounced O'Kelly in this interesting game.

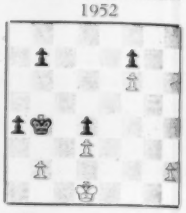
(1) P-K4; P-QB4; (2) P-Q4, P x P; (3) P-QB3, Kt-KB3; (4) P-K5, Kt-Q4; (5) B-B4, Kt-Kt3; (6) B-Kt3, P-Q4; (7) P x P, Kt-B3; (8) Kt-K2, B-B4; (9) QKt-B3, P-K3; (10) O-O, P-QR3; (11) Kt-Kt3, B-Kt3; (12) P-B4, Kt-K2; (13) P-QR4, P-KR 4; (14) P-R5, P-R5; (15) P-B5! P x P; (16) KKt-K2, Kt-B5; (17) B-R4 ch, Kt-B3; (18) B x Kt ch, P x B; (19) Q-R4, K-B1; (20) P-QKt3, P-R6; (21) P x Kt, P x KtP; (22) R-B2, resigns.

**A:** Dr. Fazekas 1957

The 4-pointer for beginners is a Bognor position in which Black "swindled" his opponent out of almost certain victory by . . . Q-B1. White innocently played B-K3. How was he punished? **B** and **C** are both wins for White, both very pretty and not too easy for 6 and 7 ladder-points.

**B:** Henri Rinck 1912

**C:** A. P. Kasantziev 1952



Usual prizes. Entries by May 20.

### REPORT on No. 388. Set April 20

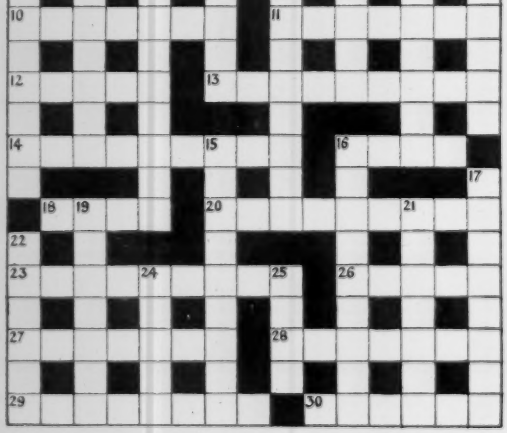
A: B6b 1r4R1/ 24/ p7/ P6p/ K6k . (Either side *must* mate).
B: (1) Kt-KB3, P-Q4; (2) Kt-K5, Kt-KB3; (3) Kt-B6, KKt-Q2; (4) Kt x Kt, Kt x Kt.
C: (1) R-Kt7, Q x R; (2) B x P ch, K x B; (3) Q-KKt8 ch, K x Kt (best); (4) Q-Kt4 ch, K-K4; (5) Q-R5 ch, R-B4 (best); (6) P-B4 ch, B x P; (7) Q x Kt ch!, B x Q; (8) R-K4 ch, P x R; (9) P-Q4 mate.
D: (1) Q-R1, P Q ch; (2) R-R4 ch, Q x Q; (3) B-Kt2 ch, Q x B; (4) Kt-B3!, Q x R, (5) Q-Q4 mate.
E: (1) P-Kt5, K-R5; (2) P-Kt6, K-R4; (3) P-Kt7, K-R5; (4) B-Kt3 ch, K-R4; (5) Q-B3 ch, B-Kt5; (6) P—B8, B x Q mate.
F: (1) K-R6!, Q-KKt3 ch; (2) K-R7, Q-Kt8 ch; (3) K-R8, Q-Kt8; (4) Q-K5 ch, Q-Kt7; (5) Q-K1 ch, Q-Kt8; (6) Q-B3 ch, Q-Kt7; (7) Q-R5 ch!, K-Kt8; (8) B-K4 ch, K-B8; (9) Q-K1 mate.
G: (1) K-Q3, K-K8; (2) Kt-R1!, P x Kt(Q); (3) R-R1 ch, K-B7; (4) R x Q, K-Kt7; (5) K-K2!, K x R; (6) K-B1!, P-B4; (7) P x P, P-K5; (8) P-B6, P-K6; (9) P-B7, P-K7 ch; (10) K x P, K-Kt7; (11) P—Q, P—Q; (12) Q-B2 mate.

Many garnered all or most of the 50 points available. **A** inspired a considerable variety of amusing concoctions almost all of which qualify. Prizes: E Allan, I. Avinery, A. E. Harris, C. R. Hattersley, L. G. Kennion.

ASSIAC

## Week-end Crossword No. 250

*Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 250, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on May 21.*



### ACROSS

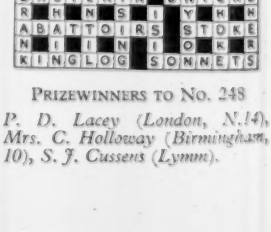
1. Female who has males disturbed about nothing (6).
4. Loss of sensation starting with an explosive sound (8).
10. Unable to move, but enough to make a dog run (7).
11. Take a page from this copy, and what is left is followed by an article (7).
12. So the cover is firm (5).
13. Samaritan disguised as an ancient European (9).
14. Form of government with which to make nothing liberal and the rich gay (9).
16. Droop before a long story (4).
18. Hands back to make an exchange (4).
20. Beat part of the theatre in taste (9).
23. Sheltered the tedious person embracing the universal within the difficult (9).
26. The dramatist to be a vocalist, by the sound of it (5).
27. Pouring forth and, after a second, expanding (7).
28. According to Bentley, Edward the Confessor slept under it (7).
29. Honours broken sceptres (8).
30. Attack as part of a windmill (6).

### DOWN

1. Method of analysis for which the short answer is in the descendant (8).
2. Siren who puts learning before the start of spare time (7).
3. Shape and put out of shape an animal (9).
5. Depiction of some sunlight in a gateway (9).
6. Thwart the father for a verse heroine (5).
7. Doing scholarly work in Latin although they published it in German (7).
8. Longs for a little more than one deserves (6).
9. The unpretentious have these poems at heart (4).
15. Permission to produce a book on the tories (9).
16. If the girls lose their pins they have untidy hair (9).
17. British Restaurant featured in food of the brain (8).
19. Sings as a king born in a small country (7).
21. Forgetfulness of men scattered in a huge area (7).
22. Rain indicator (6).
24. Without love she has to exist (5).
25. Queen who evidently had an affair? (4).

SET-SQUARE

*Solution to No. 248*



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 248

*P. D. Lacey (London, N.14), Mrs. C. Holloway (Birmingham, 10), S. J. Cussens (Lymm).*

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT

FOREIGN Service: Principal Instructor at the Middle East Centre for Arab Studies, Shemlan, Lebanon. The Centre, which is under the aegis of H.M. Foreign Office, trains members of the United Kingdom and Commonwealth Foreign Services and of commercial organisations for service in the Arab countries of the Middle East. Applicants must have at least a second class honours degree, preferably in Oriental Studies, and a good knowledge of modern Arabic and of Arab countries. Experience of teaching adults is desirable. Salary (subject to U.K. income tax) is on the scale £605 per annum to £1,055 per annum (men) and £980 per annum (women), with a non-taxable foreign allowance which varies according to the cost of living in the Lebanon. The allowance is higher for a married instructor and takes account of dependent children up to the age of 18. Free furnished accommodation is provided. The post is not pensionable. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Personnel Department, Foreign Office, 8 Carlton House Terrace, S.W.1. Closing date for receipt of application forms is May 20, 1957.

B.B.C. requires Announcer in Cardiff. Duties include presentation of all types of programmes mainly in sound possibly in Television, preparation of announcements, taking charge of speakers and artists at microphone. Good microphone voice, good general education and complete fluency in Welsh and English with ability to translate quickly from one to the other essential. Knowledgeable interest in music and literature and ability to pronounce French and German desirable. Ability to pronounce Italian and Spanish additional qualifications. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,365 p.a. maximum. Initial appointment might be on grade with starting salary £790 with prospect of promotion to higher grade, subject to attainment of requisite standard. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.168 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within a week.

SENIOR Branch of the Foreign Service. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for about five posts in Grades 7 or 8. Age at least 26 and under 32 on August 1, 1957, but the upper age limit may be extended to 40 for members of H.M. Oversea Civil Service whose experience is directly relevant to the needs of the Foreign Service. Selection by interview in July. University honours graduates and other candidates with suitable qualifications and experience will be considered. Sound knowledge of international problems and experience of administrative or other responsible work essential. Competent knowledge required of at least one foreign language: Middle Eastern and Oriental languages particularly useful. Salary scales: Grade 8, £605-£1,055 (starting pay according to age). Grade 7, £1,375-£1,950. Women's scales somewhat lower but being raised to reach equality with men's by 1961. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 292/57/8. Completed appins. should be received by May 30, 1957.

GOVERNMENT of Nyasaland. Labour Officer (Industrial Relations) required to assist and advise trade unions and employers' associations and establish wage negotiating machinery. Candidates, men only and preferably under 45, must be of good education preferably of University standard and with good experience of industrial relations. Post permanent and pensionable. Salary scale £895 to £1,850. Outfit allowance. Quarters provided if available at low rental. Free passages. Generous home leave. Tour 30-42 months. Low Income Tax. Further particulars and application forms from Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1, quoting BCD 132/4/01. Closing date for receipt of initial enquiries May 31, 1957.

B.B.C. requires Television Design Assistant in Bristol. Duties include preparation of working drawings from sketches of the designer and acquisition of properties. Architectual and art training, quick and accurate draughting, knowledge of general light constructional methods, and accurate colour perception essential. Account taken of creative ability, perspective and visual drawings. Salary £790 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,025 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.166, N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

UNIVERSITY of Ceylon. Applications are invited for the posts of (a) Professor of Western Classics; (b) Professor of Education. The salary scale of a Professor is Rs.15,000/- rising by four annual increments of Rs.600 and four annual increments of Rs.900 to a maximum of Rs.21,000 per annum. The Council may appoint at any point on the scale according to qualifications and experience. In addition there are allowances for rent, cost of living and a special overseas allowance. First class passages are provided and assistance is given with housing. Further particulars and information as to the method of application from Sec., Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1. The closing date for receipt of applics. is May 24, 1957.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

STATISTICIANS in the Home Civil Service. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for about 3 posts of Assistant Statistician. Selection by interview. Age at least 20½ and under 24 on August 1, 1957, with extension for service in H.M. Forces and approved post-graduate statistical experience. Candidates may be mathematical or economic statisticians; they must have a higher degree in statistics or a post-graduate University diploma in statistics, or a First- or Second-class Honours Degree (II (i) where the Second Class is divided) of which statistics formed the main part, or in which at least two statistics papers were taken in the final examination. Those so qualifying this summer will be eligible. Starting pay for men in London from £605 to £755 according to periods of National Service and post-graduate experience. Maximum £1,055. Promotion prospects to £1,950 and higher. Women's scales at present lower, but are being raised to reach equality with men's by 1961. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 96/57/9. Completed application forms should reach him by June 20, 1957.

GOVERNMENT of Cyprus. Trade Union Adviser required to encourage development of sound trade unionism and to advise trade unions on organisation, methods and negotiation. Experience as a trade union officer in an established United Kingdom union, preferably as an organiser, and including experience as a negotiator, essential. Four-year contract. Salary £2,277 with gratuity. Outfit allowance. Normal tour 21 months. Quarters provided if available at low rental. Free passages. Generous home leave. Low Income Tax. Further particulars and application forms from Director of Recruitment (Overseas Service), Colonial Office, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1, quoting BCD 132/17/03. Closing date for receipt of initial enquiries May 31, 1957.

THE World Health Organisation, Geneva, offers two posts for editors. Requirements: English mother-tongue; good reading knowledge of French; University degree or equivalent in experience; ability to write well, experience of sub-editing, preferably with medical or scientific journal; some knowledge of medical or biological sciences a distinct advantage. Initial two-year contract with one year probationary period. Initial salary range: $3,600-$4,800 a year (pensionable), plus allowances. Short-listed candidates may be required to take a written examination in London or Geneva. Detailed curriculum vitae should be sent to the Personnel Office, World Health Organisation, Geneva, before May 20. Applicants who have not received personal acknowledgement from W.H.O. by May 31 should consider that their offer has not been retained.

AUSTRALIAN National University, Canberra. Research School of Pacific Studies. Applications are invited for three Research Fellowships in the Departments of Anthropology, Geography and Far Eastern History. In the case of the post in Anthropology, preference will be given to applicants who are prepared to undertake research in the New Guinea Highlands within the Department's programme. The successful applicant for the post in Far Eastern History will be expected to work on Chinese or Japanese history. Salaries for Research Fellows are within the range £A1,224-£1,824 per annum. The appointments will be for three years, with a possible extension to the maximum of five years. Reasonable removal expenses will be paid, and superannuation on the F.S.S.U. pattern is provided. Further details should be obtained from the Secretary, Associaiton of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on June 3, 1957.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the temporary post of Assistant Lecturer in Economic Statistics. The appointment will extend for a period of two years from October 1, 1957. The salary scale is at present under review, and is expected to be within the range £700 to £850 per annum, with membership of the Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than May 25, 1957, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Adelaide, South Australia. Applications are invited for the following appointments, all of which are new offices: 1. Lecturer in Classics—no special field is specified. 2. Lecturer in History—no special field is specified. 3. Lecturer in Geography—candidates should be specially qualified in either Physical Geography or Historical Geography. 4. Lecturer in Psychology—some experience in the field of Industrial Psychology is desirable but not essential. 5. Lecturer in Accounting—no special field is specified. 6. Lecturer in Law—no special field is specified. 7. Lecturer in Biochemistry—no special field is specified. At the Waite Agricultural Research Institute: 1. Senior Lecturer or Reader in Protein Chemistry. The appointment lies within the Department of Agricultural Chemistry and will be made at Senior Lectureship or Readership level according to the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate who will be expected to undertake research related to a general programme for improvement of the quality of cereals and pasture plants, and to engage in a limited amount of teaching duties. 2. Lecturer in Agricultural Chemistry (Biochemistry).—Applicants should have had research experience in the field of biochemistry; preference may be given to a candidate who has also had research experience in animal physiology. 3. Lecturer in Agricultural Chemistry (Soil Science).—Applicants should have had research experience in Soil Science; preference may be given to a candidate who has also had research experience in the field of plant physiology or plant nutrition. 4. Lecturer in Plant Physiology (Horticulture).—The Lecturer will be required to provide a course of lectures and laboratory work in Horticulture in the Faculty of Agricultural Science and to undertake research into fundamental physiological problems in horticulture. Terms: Every potential applicant is invited to seek from the undersigned* or from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, a copy of the detailed conditions of appointment which give particulars of general duties, tenure, study leave, promotion, and travelling expenses. University Film: A potential candidate in Great Britain may also borrow from the Secretary of the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth a coloured film illustrating the University (including the Waite Institute) and the city and surroundings of Adelaide. Salary Scales: Reader, £A2,200-50-2,400 p.a.; Senior Lecturer, £A1,800-70-2,150 p.a.; Lecturer, £A1,200-80(70)-1,750. Superannuation: On the F.S.S.U. basis. Applications: Applications must include particulars of age, nationality, marital status, academic record, teaching qualifications, war service (if any) and present position; a list of publications; copies of testimonials; the names and addresses of two referees of whom confidential enquiries may be made; a recent photograph; and a medical certificate of good health. They should be lodged in duplicate with the undersigned* not later than June 15, 1957. Statements about the Lectureship in History and the four appointments at the Waite Institute may be had on application to the Secretary of the A.U.B.C. or to the undersigned.* Further information about any other post or about the University will gladly be supplied on request. The University Calendar may be consulted in the Library of any University which is a member of the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth. *V. A. Edgeloe, Registrar, University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia.

COUNTY Council of Essex. (i) Teacher or Supervisor and (ii) Supervisor required at Girls' Remand Home, Nr. Chelmsford. Posts offer scope to women interested in social work and with sympathetic understanding of delinquent girls. Duties (i) instruction in handwork and games and (ii) instruction in domestic duties and supervision of cookery. Both posts also to assist in organisation and supervision of the girls' leisure activities and in the general running of the Home. Salary for qualified teacher Burnham Scale plus two additional increments and extra payments not exceeding £180 a year for additional duties outside normal working hours. Salary scale for Supervisor £461 5s. × £15 7s. 6d.—£522 15s. £120 and £115 16s. 6d. respectively deducted for board and lodging. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.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## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Leeds. Department of Economics and Commerce. Applications are invited for the post of assistant lecturer or lecturer in Accountancy in the Department of Economics and Commerce. Salary scales are at present under review. It is expected that the Lecturer scale will be £900 × £50—£1,350 × £75—£1,650, and the Assistant Lecturer scale £700 × £50—£850. The duties consist mainly of teaching in connection with the Joint Scheme operated by the Universities and the accountancy profession. Candidates should have a good Honours Degree, preferably in Economics or Commerce, and practical experience in accountancy and, preferably, professional qualifications. Applications (three copies), stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than May 25, 1957.

HOME Office: Children's Department. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for at least 3 pensionable posts as Inspectors (Grade II). The inspectorate is organised in Regions. Duties include inspection of arrangements for boarding-out children with foster-parents, children's homes and nurseries, approved schools and remand homes. Inspectors also assist in training child care workers. Age at least 28 on April 1, 1957. Candidates must have wide experience of social conditions and an understanding of behaviour problems of children and young persons. Experience of residential establishments for children will be an advantage. Preference given to holders of a University degree, or an appropriate diploma or certificate, and to those who have had other recognised training in social or educational work. Salary scales (London)—Men £1,085-£1,390; Women—£989-£1,296. Women's scale being improved each year until equality with men's scale is reached by 1961. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting 4705/57/8. Application forms should be returned by May 28, 1957.

NEWBATTLE Abbey College, Dalkeith, Midlothian. Applications are invited for the post of Resident Staff Tutor with special responsibility in the social sciences. Good Honours degree in Economics, Economic History, Political Economy, or an allied subject desirable. Salary £700 × £50—£1,350 (less appropriate reduction for residence). Starting salary according to qualifications and experience. Probationary period of two years. Further particulars and Forms of Application, which should be lodged not later than May 31, 1957, from T. M. Jinkins, W.S., Sec. to the Governors, 20 Castle St., Edinburgh.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for the post of Temporary Tutor in Social Science for one year from September 1, 1957. The Salary will be determined by the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, to whom applications must be sent by Saturday, May 18, 1957.

COUNTY Borough of West Hartlepool. Children Department. Appointment of Resident Housemother-in-Charge. Applications invited for the resident post of Housemother-in-Charge, Woodcroft Children's Home, Station Lane, Seaton Carew, West Hartlepool, which provides accommodation for approximately 18 children up to age 15. Salary will be £379 5s. rising to £440 15s. per annum plus £25 per annum special responsibility allowance plus £15 per annum for child care certificate, less £115 16s. 6d. per annum in respect of residential emoluments. Applicants should have had previous experience in the care of children and possession of a suitable qualification in this work will be an advantage. The appointment will be superannuable, the successful applicant being required to pass a medical examination and will be terminable by one month's notice in writing on either side. Applications will be considered from married couples and if such an appointment is made, the husband would follow his normal employment and receive free board and lodgings in return for taking an interest in the children and in the supervision of their leisure time activities. Applications stating age, qualifications, present position and previous experience, together with copies of two recent testimonials to be received by the Children's Officer, Durham House, Victoria Road, West Hartlepool, not later than May 20, 1957. Eric J. Waggott, Town Clerk, Municipal Buildings, West Hartlepool.

MID-Herts Group Hospital Management Committee. Applications are invited for the following posts connected with interesting, unusual work in a home for psychotic and maladjusted children within easy reach of Central London: Relief Night House Mother with some day duties. Responsible post, but not hard work. House Mother. Candidates must have had good experience in residential work with children and possess commonsense, energy and enthusiasm. Duties will include relief for Matron. Junior Assistant House Mother. No previous experience necessary, but candidates must be interested in child welfare. Applics. to Sec., Bleak House, Catherine Street, St. Albans, Herts, from whom further partics. may be obtained.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—cont. on p. 622

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required by London County Council at Brixton Child Guidance Unit, Brixton Water Lane, S.W.2. Temporary engagement (4 months). For candidates with recognised qualifications salary will be on the Whitley Council scale: £495 (at age 27) × £15—£510 × £20—£550 × £25—£750, plus London Weighting (£20 at 21, £30 at 26). Particulars and application form from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.I/794), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, immediately.

HOSPITAL Management Committee for St. Francis and The Lady Chichester Hospitals Group and the Brighton and Lewes Hospitals Group. Psychiatric Social Worker required who will spend half his her time at St. Francis and Hurstwood Park Hospitals, Haywards Heath, Sussex, and at the New Unit shortly to be opened adjacent to Hurstwood Park Hospital and the other half of his her time at the Observation Ward of the Brighton General Hospital. There is a close liaison between the two Groups and the person appointed will be expected to follow the cases from one to the other and to undertake the usual duties in connection with after-care. Salary and conditions of service as laid down by the Professional and Technical Whitley Council. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two persons to whom reference may be made, to be forwarded as soon as possible to Sec., St. Francis Hospital, Haywards Heath.

LONDON County Council: Educational Psychologists. Applications are invited for two posts of educational psychologist. There are particular fields of work in special boarding schools and day classes for maladjusted children and in remedial classes for retarded children. A Teachers' Centre with a department for remedial education is being developed. Applicants should possess good academic and professional qualifications in educational psychology. Teaching experience and he ability to lecture and organise classes for teachers are required; experience in the field of local authority work will be an advantage. Salary: £916 10s.-£1,410. Commencing salary above minimum if appropriate. Application forms with full details from the Education Officer (EO/Estab.2/D), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, must be returned by May 24, 1957. (770).

THE London Family Welfare Association have immediate vacancies for senior case workers who must hold a degree or diploma in Social Studies of a recognised University, and have had recent experience in family case work. Salary from £550 p.a. according to experience. Apply in writing to the Organising Secretary, Family Welfare Association, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

SOMERSET County Council. Children's Committee. Experienced Family Case Worker required for appointment within salary grade A.P.T. III (£656-£784 2s. 6d.). This is a new post, the duties of which will include assisting the County Children's Officer as Co-ordinating Officer for family welfare and will require considerable energy and organising ability. The officer appointed will be centred at County Hall, Taunton, and a county car will be provided. Application forms obtainable from Children's Officer, County Hall, Taunton, to whom they should be returned by May 24, 1957.

EXPERIENCED Social Workers, designated assistant organisers of children's care work, required to recruit, train and advise voluntary workers forming care committees attached to London schools. Opportunities for wide and varied work dealing with school-children in their family relationships. Social science qualifications and/or experience of family case work desirable. Salary £528 15s × £35 5s—£705. The posts are temporary in the first instance, but normally lead to permanent appointment later. There are higher posts filled by promotion. Application forms, with further details, obtainable from Education Officer (EO/Estab. 2/0), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, must be returned by May 24.

WARDEN required for Walton Community Centre, Stone, Staffordshire. Salary on scale £574-£686 15s p.a. (plus superannuation). Commencing point on the scale, according to qualifications and experience. Previous experience in Community Centre administration or social work of a similar nature desirable. Particulars and application form from—The National Council of Social Service, 19 Culthorpe Road, Birmingham 15.

A VACANCY occurs at the Mulberry Bush School (special school for maladjusted children, fully recognised by the Ministry of Education) for a student to do domestic work and some cooking; being paid £3 per week plus full board, and working as one of the treatment team, with possibility of becoming deputy matron later. Principal, Mulberry Bush School, Standlake, Witney, Oxfordshire.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Assistant Matron for boarding house of 30 boys and girls aged 11 to 12½, working with another under House Mother. Salary according to age and experience. Opportunity to join in life of co-educational boarding school situated on edge of Garden City, easy reach London and Cambridge. Apply: Mrs. King Harris.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, requires Senior Latin Master in September. Applications to the Headmaster.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ST. KATHERINE'S Club and Community Centre, 5 West North Street, Aberdeen. A full-time Assistant Warden (woman) is required to commence duty on September 1. Applicants should have successfully completed a course in Youth Leadership, but those possessing suitable experience and personal qualities will be considered. The person appointed will be required to assist the Warden generally in organising the social, educational and recreational activities of the Centre, particularly amongst girls and women. Salary will be on the scale £470 × £10—£600 with placing according to age and experience. Application forms may be obtained from the Warden and should be returned to him, accompanied by two copies of two recent testimonials, and the names and addresses of two referees, not later than May 31.

WARDEN reqd. by National Union of Students for its new students' hostel. Commencing salary £450 p.a. plus flat valued £250 p.a. Application forms from Chief Administrative Officer, 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or previous experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £29 0s. 10d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

LONDON County Council. Temporary employment in Adventure Playground at Culloden Street, Poplar, E.14. Male Leader required during school summer holidays, July 29 to August 30, 1957, three sessions daily, 10 a.m.-12 noon, 2 p.m.-4 p.m., and 5 p.m.-8 p.m., Mondays to Fridays. Organising ability necessary, interested in children, handy with tools, responsible and enterprising. Weekly rate of pay £13 5s. Application forms obtainable from the Education Officer (PS.8), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, to be returned by May 22.

DIRECTOR of Youth Activities. Experienced man needed for development of youth work in new premises. Part-time assistant and good voluntary help available. Salary and increments according to qualifications. Communicant member of Church of England. Full details: The Head, Oxford House, Mape Street, E.2.

MALE Youth Leader or worker with exper. of Youth Clubs wanted for Neighbourhood Centre, S.E. Lond., 1-3 evgs. Box 2414.

ASSISTANT to Company Secretary. A large firm of Electrical Manufacturers, with offices in Central London, wishes to appoint an Assistant to the Company Secretary. He will be required to assist in dealing with problems falling within the province of the Company Secretary, particularly those of a legal nature. Candidates should preferably be men under 35 who have graduated in law and have also studied economics. Commercial or industrial experience, or practice as a Barrister or Solicitor, would be desirable. Alternatively, it might be possible to consider a recent graduate if it was thought that he had exceptional promise. A commencing salary of up to four figures would be paid according to age and experience. Please send detailed applications to Box 2396.

ASSISTANT Secretary to Ladies' Guild of national charity. Office W.C.1. Qualifications required: Some experience of organising, committee work, facility for accounts and typing. Box 2440.

LABOUR M.P. reqs. private secretary for trade union & parliamentary work in London. Interesting & responsible post for effic. woman. Total sal. £655 p.a. Box 2360.

BOOKKEEPER with knowledge sh./typing required by display firm. Position of responsibility for experienced man or woman, or would train semi-exper. person. Box 2445.

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SECRETARY Personal Assistant, 25-40. French or German shorthand, for Managing Director, Baker St. Sal. £600. Portman Bureau, 78 George St. W.1. HUN. 0676.

PORTMAN Bureau, 78 George St., W.1, offers high-salaried, interesting, permanent/temporary secretarial posts. Long/short periods. Please call or telephone HUN. 0676.

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SECRETARY reqd. by Women's Liberal Federation. This highly responsible position gives scope for the exercise of initiative and reqs. organising & administrative abilities. Applications to 54 Victoria Street, S.W.1.

HOLIDAY relief work for shorthand and copy typists, few days a week or longer. Details, Cranbourn Agency, 42, Cranbourn St., Leicester Sq. GER. 3249.

IRVING Theatre reqs. part-time Typist from 9-2. Salary £4. Ring WHI. 8657.

JEWISH organisation requires part-time Shorthand-typist. German-Engl. Box 2345.

GERMAN shorthand-typist required, Lawyer's office. W.C.1. State age and experience. Box 2430.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MEDICAL Secretaries Agency has vacancies. Shorthand usually essential. No fees. 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUNter 9951.

SHORTHAND-Typist really quick and efficient required by social worker for individual correspondence with disabled people. No Sats. Baker St. area. Box 2400.

INTELLIGENT, experienced Secretary, reading knowledge German, wanted by American Company in Munich, to start June or July. Excellent salary. Box 2402.

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## APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ECON. Grad. (f.) 30's seeks temp. employment 3 mths., mod. sal., French, some German. Box 2196.

PSYCHOLOGY graduate, 26 (f.), 3 yrs. exp. Local Govt. administration of welfare services seeks well-paid residential job anywhere mid-June to October. Box 2206.

WOMAN graduate (40's) wants part-time work (approx. 9 mths., in year). Free after Sept. Prefers S.E. counties. Exp. research, editorial, typing. Box 2141.

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## BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"LABOUR Monthly" for May: "Eye-Witness in Kerala" (D. N. Pritt, Q.C.—sole European present at swearing-in of newly-elected Communist Government); "Class Strategy" (R. Page Arnot); "Israel" (S. Mikunis); "The Fight for Disarmament" (Quaestor); Labour Councillors in Labour Discussion Forum. 1s. 6d. all agents or 9s. half-yearly from N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

CONTENTS of May "Plebs." "Light on the Middle East," by J. F. Horrabin; "Fifty Years in the Labour Movement," by Dr. W. McLaine; "Current Trends in U.S. Labour Education," by Mark Starr; "The Post-War State of Britain," by Graham Horsman; "Making Use of the Press," by Andrew Boyd; "Science in Industry"; "This Wicked World," by J. P. M. Millar; Pars from the Press and Reviews; "News of the Movement, etc. "Plebs" is 5d., by post 8d., or 7s. 6d. a year, from the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

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"THE Humanist" is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, "Living with Reality," and Bertrand Russell's "Faith of a Rationalist," free. R.P.A., 40 Drury Lane, W.C.2.

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WORKERS' International Review. Special Communist Party crisis issue. 1s. from S. S. Bornstein, 21 Sidney Street, E.1.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht. R. & E. Steiner, 64, Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

SOCIALISM, Communist International, Soviet Union; books & pamphlets bought. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

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ATTR. furn. 2-rm. flatlet. Jewish prof. household. N.W.11. All cons. MEA. 2402.

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TO let furn. flat Regency Cent. Lond. Sq. Spec. price, domes. help incl. for respon. person while owner abroad. Box 2403.

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YOUNG family forced return South Africa unless reprieved by offer reasonable flat. GUL. 7383.

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**For Properties to Let, etc. see p. 623**

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## PERSONAL

MILAN. American couple with 2 children ages 16 months and 4½ years, living centre Milan, seek English University girl to work as mother's help in return for room/board and pocket money, much personal freedom. Interview possible London weeks May 13-18 and June 3-9. Write Mr. Hunt, 7 Parc de Montretout, St. Cloud, Seine et Oise, France.

HOLIDAY accomm. wanted. Farm, cottage (sea), boat, or abroad. Two adults, child. Fortnight July 27-Sept. 7. Box 2443.

QUAKER-artist, family 2 children, offers home in Tudor farmhouse to fellow artist willing to share some domestic responsibilities; other arrangements by discussion. Write, Mrs. Tennyson, Holwell, Nr. Hitchin, Herts.

YOUNG woman with small boy seeks mother with boy under five to share her home, Sussex. Box 2365.

MALE, 40, well-educated, able-bodied, free all August, seeks any work connected sea and boats. Pocket money and keep. Break my monotony. Box 2177.

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PAYING Guest seeks good family living near transport, vicinity St. John's Wood, Regent's Park, Hampstead or Kensington. Young lady from Commonwealth requires bedroom, bathroom and sitting-room with or without food. Alternatively interested self-contained flat. Write Box NS.816, c/o 191 Gresham House, E.C.2.

YOUNG lady (20) undergoing analysis seeks position offering minimum £6 p.w. All offers gratefully considered. Box 2223.

MAN, wife, new Consul, offer 2 sts. Austria, exps. July 27, 4 wks.—Box 2313.

READING tuition—children coached, own home. Box 2319.

GERMAN girl (20), well educ., reqs. job as mother's help for July. Pocket money if possible. Box 2328.

INTG. short film project requires enlightened backer (3 figures) in retn. for substantial share of profits. Dets. Box 2162.

W. CORK, modern bungalow, free July. Sea, private grounds. Box 2218.

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FRANCE, Spain, 15-day casual camp tours: dep. July 27 & Aug. 17. Box 2404.

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## PERSONAL—continued

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## PERSONAL—continued

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